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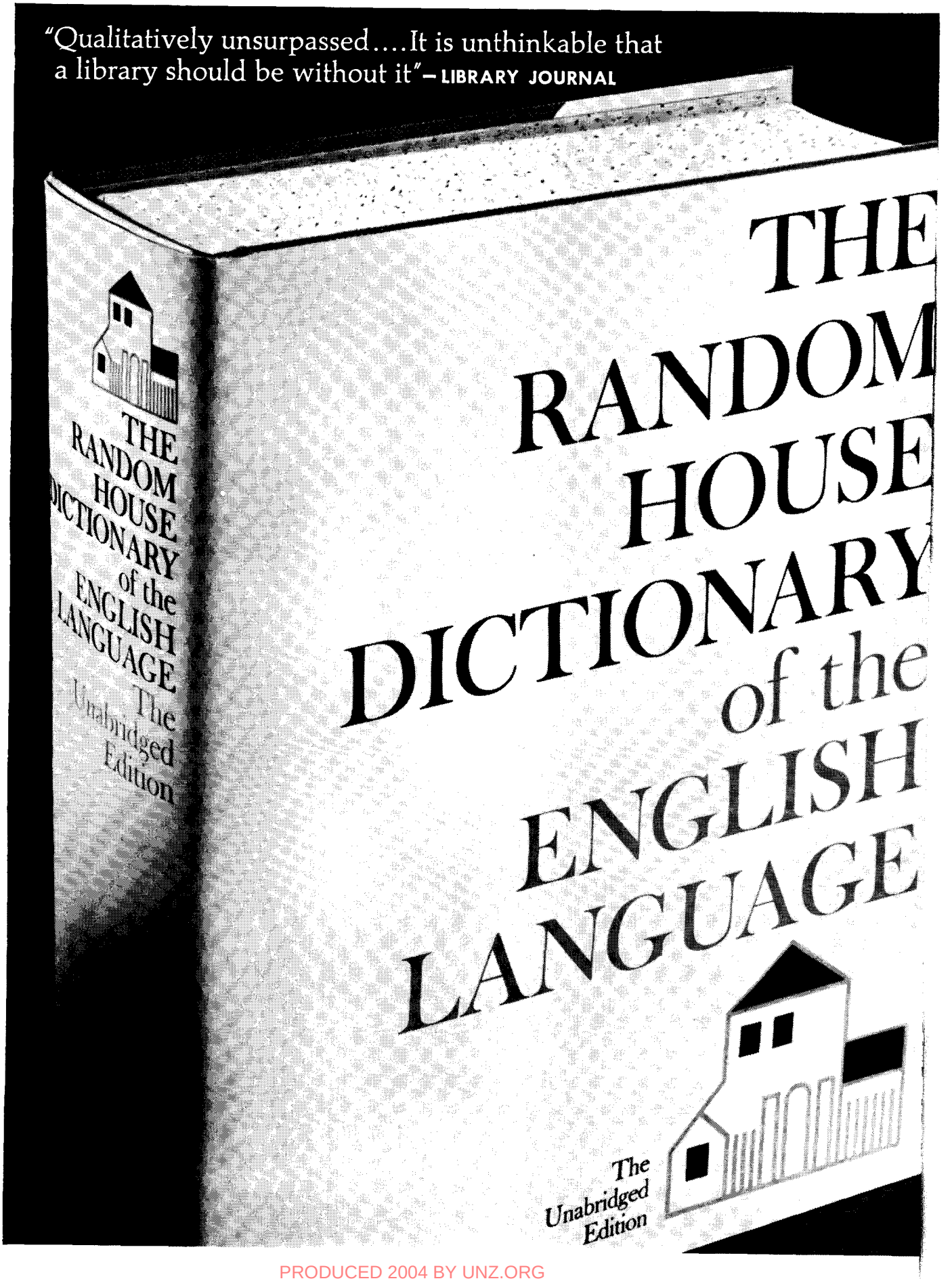
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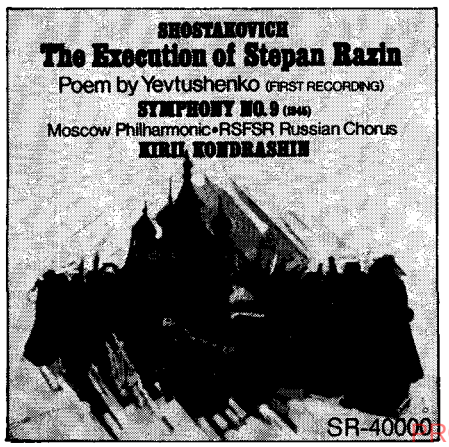

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 12

The NATO Crisis

HOW NOT TO LEAD AN ALLIANCE . . . . . *Bernard Brodie* 18

At Home & Abroad

EMANCIPATION COMES TO THE PRIBILOFS . . . . . *Mary Ellen Leary* 25

A EUROPEAN'S VIEW OF THE VIETNAM WAR . . . . . *J. H. Huizinga* 30

UNCLE DAN'S FEUD WITH THE ALBANY NEWSPAPERS . . . . . *Jonathan Kapstein* 37

THE NEW MINI-STATES OF THE CARIBBEAN . *Winthrop P. Carty and Nicholas Raymond* 40

Views & Reviews

A FAMILY AFFAIR . . . . . *David McGee* 43

CABARET UPTOWN AND DOWN . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 49

MIXED BAG FROM BRITAIN . . . . . *Derek Morgan* 50

THREE POEMS . . . . . *Nancy Price* 53

Books:

CHURCHILL ON CHURCHILL . . . . . *Gordon A. Craig* 54

JOURNEY TO SYNTHESIS . . . . . *Werner L. Gundersheimer* 58

DESPITE THE THAW . . . . . *Abraham Brumberg* 60

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 57

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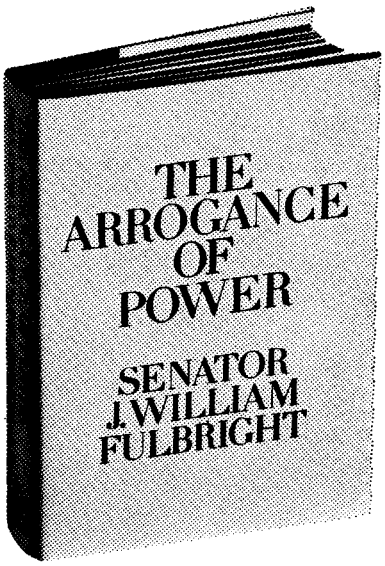

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

As questions of the renovation of NATO come to the fore, they will unavoidably involve a new and sharper recognition of the distinctions between the forms of the old Organization and the broad purposes of the alliance it embodies—a distinction that President de Gaulle has triumphantly enforced by rejecting the one while pledging unconditional loyalty to the other. Indeed, it was our failure to grasp the political and psychological dimensions of the difference which contributed so heavily to the rupture of NATO. A strong Western Alliance is equally essential as insurance against a revived threat from the East as it is against the political hazards of détente. There is all the more reason, then, **Bernard Brodie** writes, to learn from past mistakes and strive for a true working partnership. Mr. Brodie is a professor of political science at the University of California in Los Angeles and was formerly with the RAND Corporation.

It may come as something of a shock for many of us to learn that the United States has until recently been holding the inhabitants of the Pribilof Islands of Alaska in what amounted to serfdom. The Pribilovians, of mixed Aleut and Russian stock, kill and skin fur seals for the government, of which they were wards living on the very modest handouts of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Only last fall did Congress pass what amounts to an Emancipation Proclamation for these forgotten islanders. **Mary Ellen Leary** is a reporter for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. . . . **J. H. Huizinga,** a roving correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant,* recently visited Vietnam and takes some of his fellow Europeans to task for their attitudes about the war there. . . . Freedom of the press has a rather crude foe in Albany, where the anachronistic political machine continues to harass the two local newspapers by grand-jury investigations whenever they bear down on charges of corrupt practices in the New York capital. **Jonathan Kapstein** is a wire-service reporter in Albany. . . . The next proliferation of minuscule nations to swell the U.N. ranks may come from the British islands of the Caribbean, where a drive for independence is bound to bring new problems for the United States, according to **Winthrop P. Carty** and **Nicholas Raymond,** editors on the staff of Visión Incorporated.

In 1958 the Democrats of Wyoming were looking for a fall guy. They had little hope of electing anyone of their persuasion to the U.S. Senate, but were anxious nevertheless to run a candidate who at least would bear himself in dignity through the campaign and through the inevitable defeat and oblivion that awaited him when it was over. They chose a history professor, whose son relates for us the surprising events that followed, leading to the improbable installation of Gale W. McGee in Washington, where he remains to this day. **David McGee** will graduate this spring from American University in Washington. . . . We take a sweep around theatre on Broadway and off in this issue. **Gerald Weales,** who has edited *The Complete Plays of William Wycherley* in the Anchor Seventeenth-Century series, reviews *Cabaret* and *America Hurrah;* **Derek Morgan** reviews *Black Comedy* and the latest manifestation of Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. . . . **Nancy Price** teaches at the State College of Iowa. . . . **Gordon A. Craig** is professor of history at Stanford. His latest book, *War, Politics, and Diplomacy,* was published by Praeger last November. . . . **Werner L. Gundersheimer** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Abraham Brumberg** has written widely on Soviet internal development. He is the editor of *Problems of Communism,* published by the United States Information Agency.

Our cover is by **Milton Glaser.** Mr. Glaser will be taking part in the Artists in Communication symposium, sponsored by the Society of Illustrators, to be held at the United Nations Plaza in New York every Tuesday night for four weeks beginning March 7.

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EXPO '67

To the Editor: I have just perused, with a great deal of pleasure, Rasa Gustaitis' report on "The Twenty-First Century Comes to Montreal," appearing in the February 9 issue of your stimulating magazine. May I warmly congratulate both you and the author for this factual, timely, and incisive presentation of Expo '67 and Montreal. It is hoped that you and your readers will discover that "Hospitalité spoken here" are not idle words in La Belle Province.

MAURICE BELLEMARE
Minister of Industry and Commerce
Quebec Province

To the Editor: I enjoyed Rasa Gustaitis' introduction to Expo '67 in Montreal. Since a good many of us hope to follow her footsteps through the exposition later this year, I, for one, am glad to have the tour map she sketched for us with words.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senate

MEXICAN-AMERICANS

To the Editor: "The Mexican-Americans Make Themselves Heard," by Marvin Alisky in the February 9 issue, astounds me. Don't you or Marvin Alisky know that most Spanish-Americans, unless they actually happen to be recent arrivals from Mexico, are about as happy about being called "Mexicans" as Adam Clayton Powell would be if you called him a "nigger"? I spent ten years teaching in a college in New Mexico, and the first thing I was told when I arrived there was, "Don't call anyone a Mexican."

Much of the trouble today comes from the fact that Mexican-Americans are so militantly Spanish and tend to look upon the part of the country where their ancestors have lived for several centuries as theirs by right; they resent the intrusion of the Anglos. It is hard to blame them. On the other hand, those who get an education forget their Spanish accent, and make an effort generally succeed in gaining a place in non-Spanish society.

M. W. MAJOR
Hopwood, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: The article on the Mexican-Americans is excellent. Professor Alisky is thorough in his research and lucid in his presentation. This article is by a down-to-earth scholar. I am making it required reading in two of my courses.

GEORGE I. SANCHEZ
Professor of Latin American Education
The University of Texas
Austin

To the Editor: Congratulations on Professor Marvin Alisky's article on Mexi-

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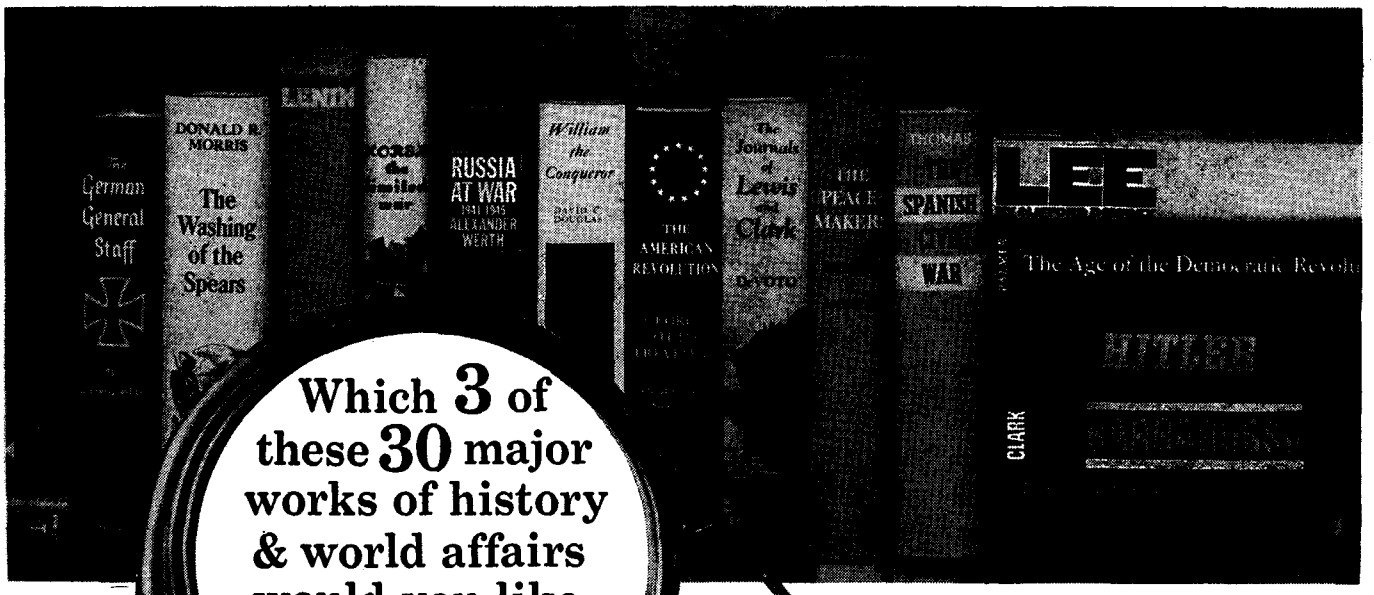

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can-Americans, which I read with a great deal of interest and with the pleasure derived from knowing that our work has been useful to you.

LEO GREBLER, Director
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University of California
Los Angeles

WHERE WAS 'THE FIRM'?

To the Editor: Thank you for Denis Warner's illuminating account of the last days of Sukarno "Bung Karno at Bay," (*The Reporter*, February 9). The utter collapse Warner describes in a country that only a year and a half ago was considered not only solidly Sukarno's and pro-Communist but also dangerously on the make in Southeast Asia should lead us to wonder whether we give up too easily in the face of such "threats." If the CIA could claim credit for this turnabout it might have something to put into the balance against its present attackers.

WILLIAM LESTER
Newark, New Jersey

PAN ARABIA?

To the Editor: As someone who has studied Arab affairs and has worked in the Near and Middle East for many years, I was surprised by "Nasser's Drive for South Arabia," by Lawrence Mosher in your February 9 issue. The situation in the Arabian Peninsula is in many respects a regrettable by-product of the United States' post-Dulles foreign policy applied to the area. The West is directly responsible for the present lamentable split in the Arab world; that it suits the joint purposes of British, Dutch, French, and U.S. oil interests is only part of the story.

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T. W. S. POGSON
Toronto

GOOD REPORT

To the Editor: Emperor Haile Selassie's recent visit here has reminded us of his courageous past and Ethiopia's important role in Africa today. In this connection, Claire Sterling's readable and informative article "The Aging Lion of Judah" of February 9 was most timely. Mrs. Sterling presents a convincing portrait of the interests and hopes of this ancient-modern land. Her

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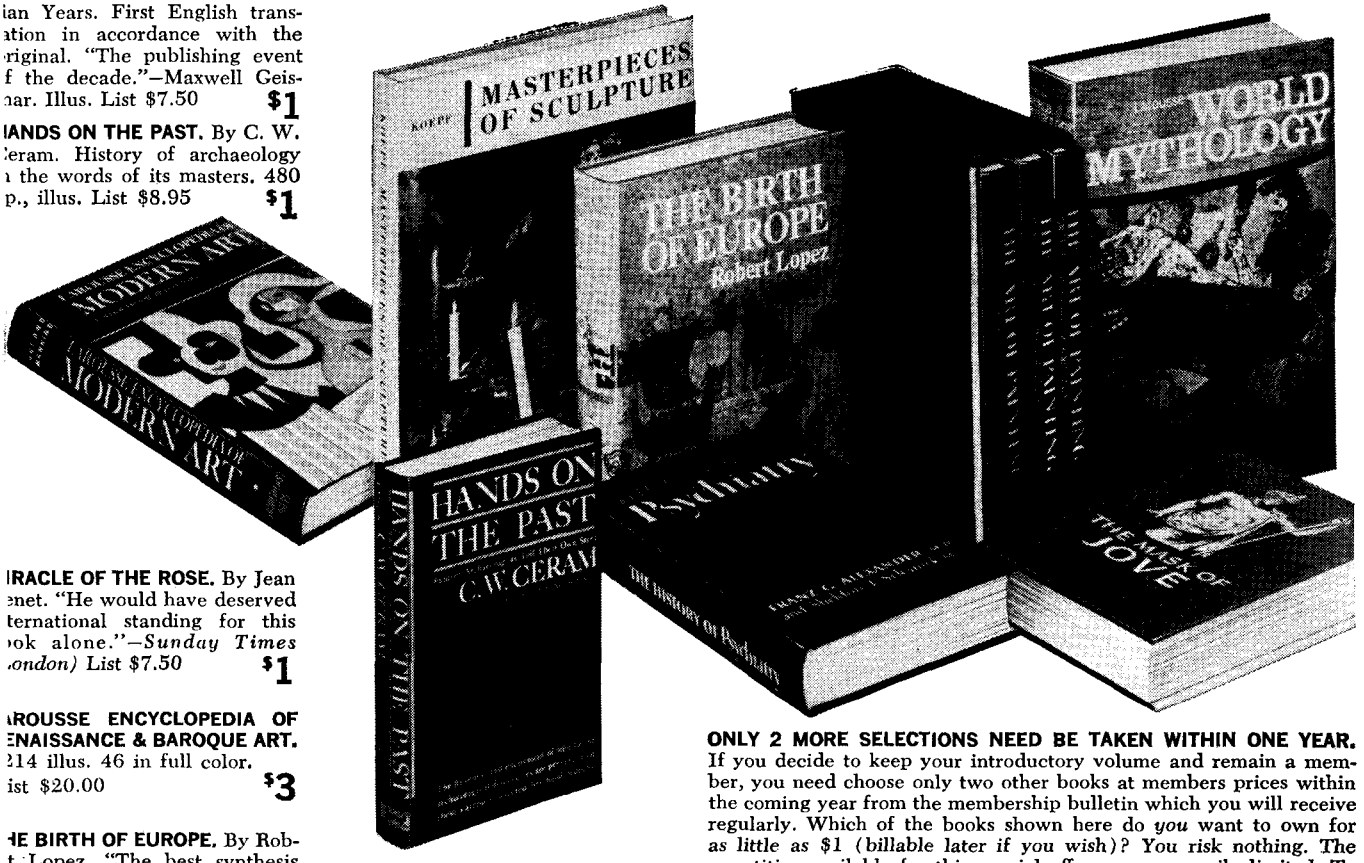

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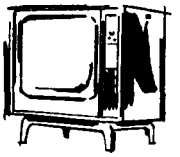

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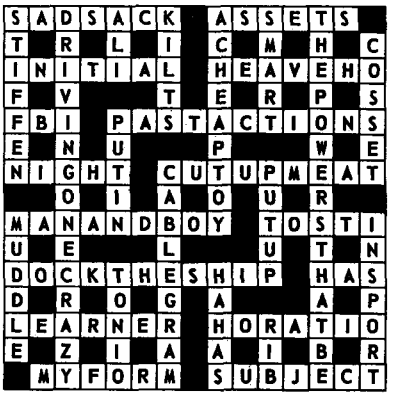

judicious mood is a welcome contrast to the sensational and lopsided reportage that sometimes flows from tropical Africa. We badly need balance and hard-hitting reporting from this part of the world, which even in sophisticated circles is often clouded by myth, old and new.

ERNEST W. LEFEVER
Senior Staff
Brookings Institution
Washington

TWO CHEERS FOR HOGAN

To the Editor: I have appreciated Donald Hogan's sensitively developed treatment of "The China Trade" (*The Reporter,* February 9). The sense of imagery in a spareness of language was especially enjoyable. One can imagine the story and technique being examined by California film people. One can visualize the boys thinking in takes and scouting for a Carol Reed.

Besides, who would think a night city editor could write like that? There may be in fact several features here.

MARSHALL HANFT
Salem, Oregon

To the Editor: Donald Hogan has a fine sense of realism. A dirty story? Of course not. It is jolly good fun and all done without any phony gimmicks or fancy avant-garde frills. The little Thai girl ("almost a virgin") is one of those dimly seen characters who are somehow hard to forget. I also enjoyed an earlier story by N. Scott Momaday. Very different from Hogan but still good of its kind. Keep them coming.

FRANK TULLY
Danbury, Connecticut

To the Editor: It is proof of its perplexity with the moral anomie of our times that *The Reporter* prints "The China Trade." From the story of a New England aristocrat in Thailand who comes to see the vacuity of his way of life through the agency of a vulgarian, an adulterer, and a prostitute, how far is it to Berkeley's cheers for Stokely Carmichael (*The Reporter,* November 17, 1966)? Not very, when the author makes the vulgarian likable, the prostitute charming in her youthful "innocence" and love of her work, and the aristocrat obviously a more mature man for his own act of adultery. How subtle the story: in emptying the lives of New England's upper class, by implication "The China Trade" empties the life of the society in general where that class has so respected a place. Yet how seductively this teaching is presented: see the difference in its charm if we reverse the circumstances so that an Asian nobleman is alienated from his culture by a lower-order Babbitt.

The perplexity is real. What *The Reporter* criticizes in one issue it insinuates in another. Morals have become an uncharted sea and, like the rest of us, *The Reporter* sails in circles.

RICHARD LEVY
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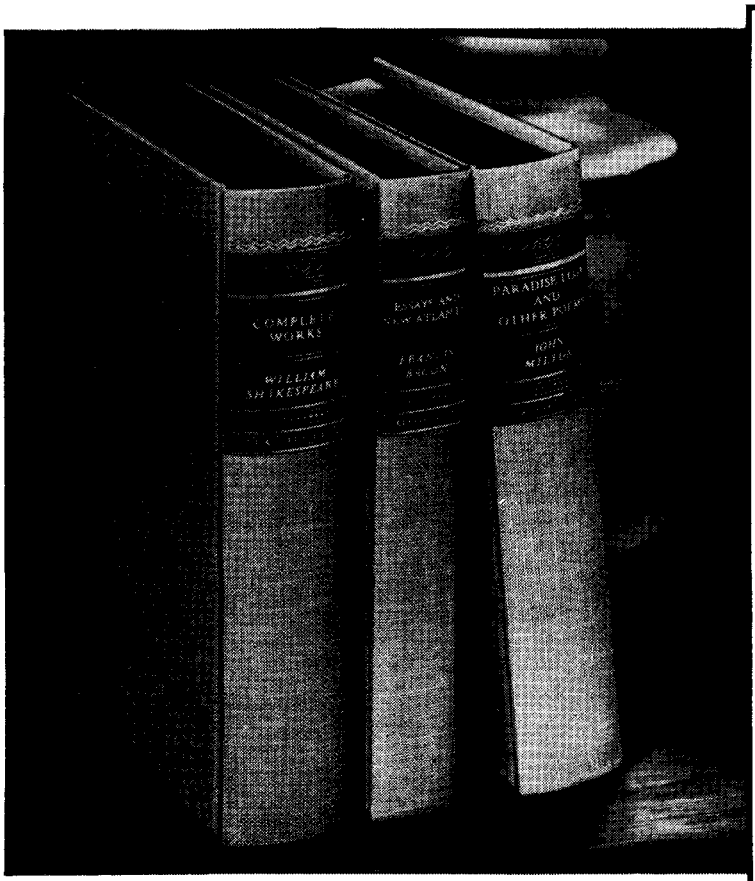

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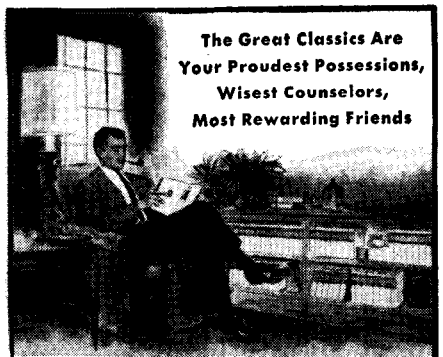

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A Matter of Intelligence

We have it from Senator Gaylord Nelson (D., Wisconsin): the nation is on its way to becoming a "police state." The Senator's observation was made in a speech to his colleagues and it included a fairly common interpretation of the CIA story as it has mercilessly unfolded over the past few weeks. In case the details have become hazy, let us fill you in. The magazine *Ramparts* disclosed in an advertisement that its March issue would tell how for fifteen years the CIA had been a source of financial support for the National Student Association. Immediately, the officers of NSA confirmed the story to reporters, which set off a further chain of revelations. One way and another, the press began producing names of individuals and organizations that had either been financed by the CIA or had functioned as conduits of its money.

Meanwhile, the President appointed a committee to look into the charges. Norman Thomas came forward to say that he had thought the CIA was on the other side when he was working for a (CIA-supported) group which encouraged left-wing democratic parties in Latin America and that the group had used some of the CIA's money to attack U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. For its part, the Right was becoming progressively hysterical upon learning how many of its least favorite organizations (NSA, the National Council of Churches, the National Education Association) had got funds from CIA, and one Republican Congressman even wondered whether the CIA had in fact encouraged the campaign to terminate the services of the Un-American Activities Committee. Through it all, the nation's satirists had a lovely time, although they could hardly keep up with the flow of names and organizations that just kept coming and coming. Some police state!

The manner in which a single story was able to produce a flood of violated secrets raises some rather grave questions about the actual competence of the Intelligence Agency, some of whose minions have habitually displayed a tendency to boastful verbosity that hardly befits their function. Moreover, some of the activities the agency has apparently engaged in strike us as marginal at best and silly at worst. But to question CIA's operations is quite different from questioning its reason for being or—as Senator Nelson and others have done—suggesting that such a clandestine organization is alien and inimical to this country's heritage and its interest, and that we are copying the tactics of the enemy.

The intelligence services of Western Europe long predate the birth of Communism, and at the present time this country could do worse than consider the usefulness of some legislation along the lines of the British Official Secrets Act that would have made impossible the flood of intelligence gossip to which we have all been treated in recent days.

This magazine is not known as one of Robert F. Kennedy's greatest admirers. But we hasten to say that in the early outburst of confused and random rage, his was one of the first voices to speak with clarity to the point: "We must not forget that we are not dealing with a dream world, but with a very tough adversary." More recently, the President has endorsed and made public a preliminary report by the committee which is headed by Under Secretary of State Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. In both its perspective and its suggestion of the danger inherent in the present outpouring of confessions, it seems to us to herald a return to sanity: ". . . the Central Intelligence Agency has been, and continues to be, indispensable to the security of this nation. It is vitally important that the current controversy over its support of certain private organizations not be permitted to obscure the value, or impede the effectiveness, of competent and dedicated career officials serving this country."

J. Robert Oppenheimer

He died quietly after months when presumably only his most intimate friends shared with him and his family the knowledge that life for him was reaching the end. Quietly he would have liked to spend all his days working at things eternal that did not need to be marked by his name.

This privilege he could not have. He was too gifted. He could think and work in realms unrelated to each other and find the connecting link. The most appalling task of establishing a link between physical science, warfare, and world politics happened to be entrusted to him and the result will forever remind men of his name.

He carried this destiny of his like a cross, and the cross itself he had carved with his own hands. Sometimes he faltered. Now he is free as he never has been; freed from his too many talents, freed from the torture of his genius. Now he is with God and God will give him peace.

Viscous Circle

On a recent session of the weekend television feature *Meet the Press*, Bill D. Moyers was asked how he, as a former White House aide and a present newspaper publisher, would handle a story the White House denied. The question came at the end of half an hour's probing of the Presidential character and the war in Vietnam, and Moyers dispatched it with ease: he would run both the story *and* the denial, he said—provided he knew who the reporter's sources were and had confidence in them. Thereupon the pro-

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gram ended, cutting short what could have been a fascinating discussion of the relative reliability of the daily journalist's sources these days—*Look* as against *U.S. News & World Report*, for instance, or *Ramparts* as against *Time*.

We assume we are not alone in noting this curious trend. "Nixon Foresees Open Convention," page 1 of the New York *Times* told us not long ago, by way of explaining a précis of an interview published that day in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The simultaneity of publication, however, spoiled some of the fun. Unlike in the *Ramparts*—*CIA* episode, newsmen did not have a fighting chance to overtake and make obsolete the yet-to-be-printed story. And unlike in the Manchester-*Look* affair, the public was denied the suspense of wondering what the articles would really say. Journalistically speaking, we would say that the high point of the Manchester affair occurred when the UPI ticker began to disgorge a news story to the effect that *U.S. News & World Report* had scheduled for publication an article that would refute some of the points it was thought were going to be made in the *Look* article.

If and when the trend-watchers at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism begin pondering these developments, they would be well advised to consider also the ultimate refinement: that is, the case of the news story about the magazine story's news sources. We will explain. "'Hanoi Proposal' Sent From Paris Via RFK." As everyone knows, that Washington *Post* headline (and others similar to it) referred to a story printed in *Newsweek*. It at once created two stories of its own. One concerned whether Ho Chi Minh's Paris agent, Mai Van Bo, had given to French Foreign Office official Etienne Manac'h the message that M. Manac'h gave to Senator Robert F. Kennedy in the presence of a U.S. embassy official who gave whatever it was to the State Department. The other concerned who had given the message about the message to *Newsweek*. It was, in its way, a far more interesting subject and led to all sorts of mutually contradictory newspaper accounts of who had been leaking what to *Newsweek* and why.

To be sure, news about news is not entirely new, as any reader of Monday morning's headlines can tell you. "Moyers Blames War for 'Credibility Gap,'" as the New York *Times* put it, proving once and for all that the nation's newspapers are not just reading its magazines: over the weekend they look at television.

No Place Like Home

Let the China watchers make their own predictions as to the outcome of the Cultural Revolution. We think we already know the answer now that we've seen a UPI story out of Moscow headlined by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* "Chinese Couples Told to Drop Love, Seek Ideological Uplift." To regard love as "a defect of capitalism" seems a tall enough order without Chairman Mao's further demand that "a permanent atmosphere of ideological struggle and criticism be maintained in the home." So what's new? It's clear that we can safely forget the sinologists and turn the whole problem over to Ann Landers and Dear Abby.

Stamp Out Stamps!

One of life's minor annoyances these days comes with the mail: we see a bright and unfamiliar stamp and momentarily enjoy the illusion that we have received a letter from some exotic country, Andorra, perhaps, or Rwanda. Then comes the letdown—just a bill from a local shop bearing the latest U.S. Post Office commemorative stamp.

These issues pour out of Washington nowadays at the rate of one every few weeks. They may show a moppet with flashing ivories (the centennial of the American Dental Association) or a dour man in a wig identified as Ephraim McDowell (he performed the first ovarian surgery). The time when U.S. postage got by nicely with portraits of Washington or Franklin is seemingly gone forever.

Although commendable progress has been made in suppressing the proclamation of follies like National Oatmeal Week, the urge to commemorate seems simply to have moved over to the Post Office Department. Pressure from Congressmen and lobbyists is no doubt strong, but shouldn't we charge advertising rates for stamps bearing slogans like "America and Steel Growing Together" or "Petroleum Industry"? Was Barry Goldwater responsible for the tribute to "Amateur Radio"? What is so memorable about "Wheatland, The Home of James Buchanan" or the "Centennial of the Sokols," a bow to ethnic Slavic gymnastic clubs? One designer managed to get the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise on a stamp that was issued in observance of the seven hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth, whereas United States Savings Bonds had to wait only twenty-five years for *their* memorialization on a stamp inscribed "We Appreciate Our Servicemen."

Mrs. Virginia Brizendine, director of the Post Office Department's Division of Philately, says she gets thousands of suggestions from the public, running from a request to honor the hamburger to commemoration of the "first daylight bank robbery" to special stamps and rates for young lovers' mail. The Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee, which recommends commemorative subjects to the Postmaster General, is now limiting itself to about fifteen annually, in addition to new issues for "regular" use. This is an improvement, anyway, from the start of the decade, when the number passed forty a year.

Back around 1890, a New York printer named N. F. Seebeck talked several Latin-American countries into letting him print their postage stamps, which he provided free in exchange for a promise that new issues would appear each year and that he could keep the plates. For a time, Seebeck made a tidy sum printing and selling the demonetized stamps cut-rate to collectors. But the market was soon flooded, and the philatelists took to calling the near-worthless issues "Seebecks."

Maybe the department ought to bring the frivolous abuse of the commemorative idea to a halt with one last gesture—a final entry in the "Famous Americans" series to honor N. F. Seebeck.

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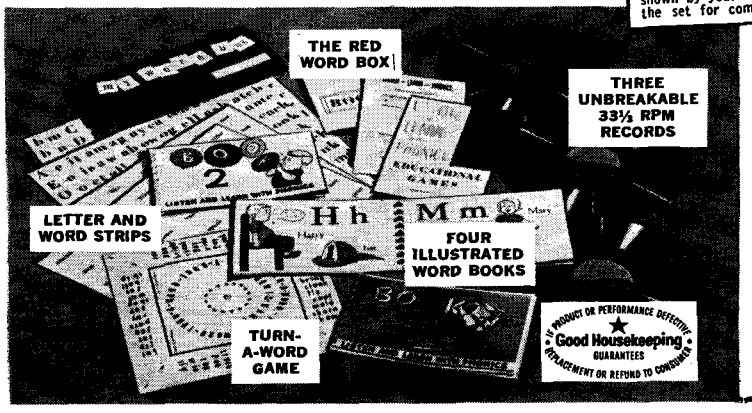
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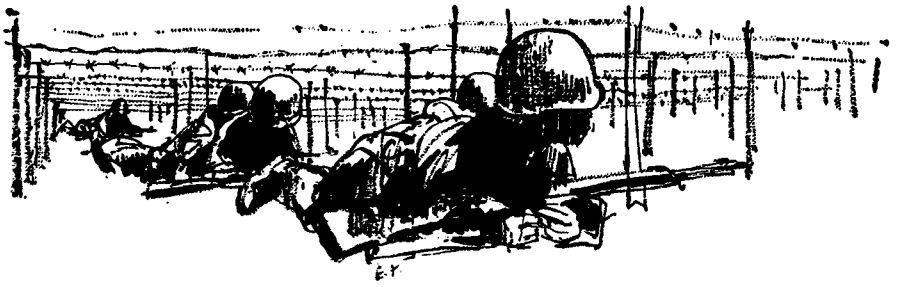

How Not to Lead an Alliance

BERNARD BRODIE

THE North Atlantic Treaty Organization has now lost one of its two major continental powers, and is clearly diminished by more than that very substantial loss. It is presently moving its most meaningful organ, SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe), from the western outskirts of Paris to a corner of Belgium called Casteau, references to which are usually amplified with the information that it is "near Mons," which some of us last heard of as a place the British Army retreated from in the early days of the First World War. The North Atlantic Council, never really important but symbolic of something important, is moving from the large edifice built for it at the Porte Dauphine in Paris to Brussels. The Standing Group in Washington continues, but, as always, without the slightest influence on affairs.

All this has proceeded in large part from a commonly shared conviction, which even the United States government has begun openly to accept, that the Soviet Union does not really threaten a direct attack in Europe. Even so, the obvious illness of what is left of the Organization stems also from other causes. Although one hesitates to call an international body dead to which many good and some quite able people are still devoting considerable energies, we know from long experience that organizations may go through the motions of being alive while being in fact spent. NATO seems to be in or approaching that condition. Is this decay our fault, or is it due mostly to the disdainful blows of the French President? Inasmuch as the United States has been the acknowledged leader of NATO, we really have to ask, first, how much did our actions contribute to or provoke de Gaulle's behavior, and second, what did we do independently to supplement or amplify the negative consequences of his actions?

The Turning Point

Among people who should know, European as well as American, many believe that nothing the United States could reasonably have done could have altered substantially the relevant policies of de Gaulle. On the other hand, if we accept the somewhat old-fashioned (or at least lately neglected) axiom that the national interests are likely to be best served through taking into account the conceptions, aspirations, and sensibilities of those with whom we must deal, and certainly not less of those whose collaboration we seek than of those whom we must regard as basically hostile, then the list of American sins of omission or commission against one of its most important allies is long and grievous.

The key U.S. decision in this respect—"key" because it symbolizes and in a sense contains all the others—was the rejection of de Gaulle's proposal to President Eisenhower in the autumn of 1958 that a sort of directorate be formed comprising France, Britain, and the United States to run the affairs of NATO and to co-ordinate international policy on the highest diplomatic as well as strategic levels. The United States dismissed this proposal apparently with no show of interest in seeking a compromise alternative, allegedly on the grounds that it would be inequitable to other members of NATO. No doubt among the real reasons was that the United States did not wish the intrusion of French advice concerning its foreign policies, especially in areas outside Europe, such as Africa—or Vietnam.

Anyway, far from reasserting the equality in principle of all the members of NATO, the United States by this rejection asserted its unwillingness to water down or share its extraordinarily dominant role in the Organization. In French eyes it was seeking to keep France on a level with Luxembourg. The subsequent conduct of France toward the Organization would have had to be basically different if we had accepted something like its 1958 proposal and lived up to it in good faith, which, of course, would have meant giving an appropriate hearing thereafter to French views.

After the inauguration of the Kennedy administration at the beginning of 1961, our relations with France were markedly worsened by, among other things, the hortatory and scornful public comments that Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara directed toward the French nuclear program, which we wanted to see abandoned in its military aspects. This was incredibly clumsy diplomacy on our part, because it should have been obvious that de Gaulle would not in the slightest degree be deflected from his course by our castigations. We were, however, bemused by the domestic opposition within France to the nuclear program, and were no doubt

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expecting to hasten by our policy the political demise of de Gaulle. Even so, we should not have expected Frenchmen to appreciate the reasons for our overtly differentiating between the British nuclear effort, which we regretted but found excusable, and the French effort, which we condemned.

THE IRRITATIONS we thereby inflicted on our ally were probably secondary in importance to the support our remarks gave to some already deeply embedded French and German suspicions. These were that American insistence on maintaining monopoly control within the alliance of its nuclear power reflected a diminishing reliability of that power. This apprehension was strongly enhanced by our concurrent pressure upon our allies to build up their conventional forces for a strictly conventional role. Our repeated insistence that the United States was absolutely to be trusted in these vital nuclear matters, and that American views concerning them were not at all subject to change into the indefinite future, could of course not be taken seriously by any reasonable European with some sense for history—least of all a Frenchman, who has a tradition of skepticism about political morality and who should hardly be asked to attribute to the United States a sharply higher degree of morality and fidelity than he can possibly accord his own country. Must we ask him to believe that Frenchmen and Britons but not Americans are capable of a Munich-type sellout? And especially in a nuclear age?

An American military commitment to Europe, which is what the North Atlantic Treaty originally represented, is basically a good thing for our interests as well as for those of Europe. However, that does not mean that the highly complex structure that developed on the basis of the treaty and the immobilism that long ago set in concerning NATO staff planning were in anybody's interest. The drastic shake-up that NATO has received during the past year, and the readjustments that it must in any case undergo, offer an opportunity for the inception of a new system for safeguarding the security of Western Europe. Real rejuvenation of the old system is out of the question, but the required new departures are also out of the question unless we try to understand where our NATO policy was going awry.

Switching Signals

Since its beginning, American officials having anything to do with NATO have usually been sure that they understood far better than the Europeans the problems of European defense and their solution, and they did little or nothing to avoid projecting that conviction. Most Europeans long accepted this claim as probably correct, partly because of the American near monopoly of nuclear weapons but more especially because of the initially impressive and peculiarly American efflorescence of strategic thinking and writing, especially on the part of highly

intellectual civilians. We had institutions like the RAND Corporation, which attracted to themselves not merely respect but mystique, and out of these institutions came such esoteric new phenomena as "cost-effectiveness" analysis, with which the brilliant Mr. McNamara was known to be enamored, and various gaming techniques reputed, with much exaggeration, to depend heavily on the use of computers. The Europeans had nothing at all like this, and both they and we were impressed.

In recent years, however, the Europeans have become increasingly disenchanted. For one thing, there have been sudden and drastic changes in American strategic doctrine—as for example between the Radford Plan submitted to NATO in 1957, which placed reliance for the defense of Europe primarily on tactical as well as strategic nuclear weapons, and the McNamara conception embodied in the latter's Athens speech to NATO representatives in 1962 and some weeks later in his public Ann Arbor speech. The McNamara conception was a complete reversal of the Radford Plan.

Five years may seem like a long enough time to warrant a basic change in thinking, but each strategy was supposed to look indefinitely into the future. Besides, international bureaucracies are not as flexible as all that. Also, the later developments in American strategic thinking, especially the McNamara emphasis on conventional weapons even in the event of large-scale war, seemed to suggest to most Europeans that the ingenuity reflected in those conceptions was not necessarily combined with wisdom, political or strategic. More recently the problem has been a refusal of the McNamara school to change its position despite its complete failure to secure any of the preconditions for it.

Henry A. Kissinger has put it well: "American policy-makers often act as if disagreement with their views is due to ignorance which must be overcome by extensive briefings and insistent reiteration. They are less inclined to inquire whether there may be some merit in an opposing view than in overwhelming it with floods of emissaries, official and semi-official. As a result, the United States and Europe have too often conducted their dialogue over the technical implementation of a blueprint manufactured in America."

The Pushy Americans

To get the flavor of this, one need only talk with American officials and see them in action at the frequent international conferences, small and large, quasi-private and semi-public, within the Atlantic Community. At such conferences, where officials may participate with persons of no official status, one sees that while American public servants may be individually as modest and engaging as those of any other nationality, in their roles as representatives of the United States they often become quite different people.

Ambassador Harlan Cleveland, for example, our senior representa-

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tive to the North Atlantic Council, is clearly a very nice man, dedicated but unassuming. Yet in one thirty-minute statement before an international gathering at Oxford University last September, he said approximately the following: (a) Up to now the Europeans have had no opportunity of knowing anything about nuclear weapons, so their views on how to use them could be of little value. However, the United States is now giving its allies the requisite data, and they can therefore be expected in a year or two to have opinions that will warrant respect. (b) The problem of France has been solved so far as NATO is concerned, and no other serious problems remain.

What the ambassador seemed to mean on the latter issue was that the problem of adjusting to France's clearly unreasonable desires had disappeared by its exit from the Organization, and that the problems created by that exit were minimal. These remarks were less characteristic of American attitudes than those on nuclear weapons, and probably reflected only Cleveland's special brand of personal optimism.

On nuclear weapons, however, he was repeating only what American officials had been saying all along, though not usually so sharply etched. His audience was largely comprised of Europeans, most of them fairly senior officers in the NATO military forces, and there was even the novelty of a Soviet reporter present from the London office of Moscow Radio and TV.

Conversations with senior officials in European defense ministries or NATO delegations have tended increasingly in the last few years to expose complaints of American "doctrinalism" and "pushing," to use the words of one of them. From being a highly respected figure, Secretary McNamara has for many, especially in Germany but by no means exclusively there, turned into the personification of all that is wrong with American leadership in NATO.

The Cliché of Clichés

Indeed, it is difficult to understand the extraordinary insensitivity of those highly intellectual Americans who characterized the New Frontier approach to NATO affairs—an insensitivity concerning not only European touchiness about status, to which at least lip service was paid, but also concerning the possible merit of European ideas. It has not been due to any lack of diplomatic contact: members of our embassies do talk to the local people. One would not be concerned about their often disagreeing with and dismissing the views of their hosts—it is not a diplomatist's job, after all, to be in accord with the views of his hosts—except that the dissent seems to take the form of reiterating the clichés one has so often heard back in Washington. In Bonn, for example, one hears again that the Germans don't understand nuclear weapons, and anyway they don't contribute enough to their own defense. Besides, why don't they come through with the offset agreements necessary to ease the strain on the American balance of payments caused by the residence within Germany of so many American military personnel and their dependents?

The word "clichés" is itself a cliché word. It is easy enough to damn as cliché any view which is expressed more than once and with which one does not agree. However, in a bureaucratic environment where a great many people of all ranks embrace ardently and repeat to their opposite numbers abroad conceptions which they certainly did not originate and which they only partially understand themselves, clichéism is apt to flourish. How many Americans have explained the merits of the conventional buildup or the Multilateral Force to European civilians and military officers of far greater relevant experience than themselves! It does not require much experience with members of the State Department to be made aware of the fact that there is very definitely a "party line."

What we have suggested about the State Department naturally also goes for the Department of Defense, except that there are always a number of civil wars going in the latter much more ample establishment —wars between the military and the civilians and also between the several services. However, so far as the projection of our policies in NATO is concerned, the Secretary of Defense and his own band of civilian aides, including those in the Division of International Security Affairs, have been a united and powerful influence, usually in support of or supported by the State Department. The ardor of the partnership would normally be commendable, but it does matter what kind of policy is being promoted.

THE GREAT cliché of them all is "integration," for which Americans seem to have a special penchant. Did not America become great from the fact that the states united? Is not the American economy great because it has a vast internal market untrammeled by barriers to trade other than distance? Do not American industries, already the greatest in the world individually, seek irresistibly to reduce their vulnerabilities through mergers? One of the things we have therefore been most in favor of for Europe is integration. Difficult as it is for most Europeans to believe, our interest in their integration is basically altruistic and is only rationalized for their benefit and ours as being in our own self-interest. We are, for example, in favor of the Common Market—which is certainly contrary to our earlier concern with "most favored nation" treatment. We even went so far as to intervene diplomatically at the last minute in January, 1963, in an attempt to prevent de Gaulle's veto of British admission to the Common Market. What a help that was!

Integration is what NATO is all about. The Organization stands for integration of forces and of planning. Integrated war planning has been going on at SHAPE since its beginning. Integration of forces is a good deal of what concerns SACEUR (Supreme Allied Commander Europe). The highest aspirations of the principle were embodied in the so-called Stikker Exercise, designed to bring the armed forces of our NATO partners to a higher state of individual efficiency and also into a closer harmony.

One of the things most wrong with "integration" is that we don't practice it ourselves. By far the greatest single force in the NATO arsenal is the American strategic bombing force, which is decidedly

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not integrated. The Multilateral Force (MLF) idea, which was going to bring integration down to the manning of individual ships, was designed from the outset with a built-in American veto. This might possibly disappear with time, but only might. European ground forces were to be integrated with American ones by redesigning themselves in large part after the American image. American participation in any strategic dialogue has hardly been one of give-and-take. Naturally, no end of lip service is paid to the idea of accommodation to the views of our partners, but how could we really accommodate when we knew the problems, had the answers, and were covering three-quarters of the cost?

In SHAPE, the integration of planning has been accomplished only by a process of ossification around views that almost everyone now agrees are completely out of date. SHAPE planning has always been, and probably continues to be, for a war that will never be—a war that begins with a massive Soviet nuclear attack to which we reply in kind, and where the ground forces play only the role of stopping the Red Army. When some "contingency planning" for the defense of Berlin was prompted by the Berlin crisis of 1961, the planning had to be done outside of SHAPE. What good is integrated planning that is necessarily bad planning?

It was with his usual hauteur, but alas also with his frequent accuracy, that President de Gaulle originally announced his departure from NATO in the following terms:

"Thus . . . our country will remain the ally of her allies but, upon the expiration of the commitments formerly taken—that is, in 1969 by the latest—the subordination known as 'integration' which is provided for by NATO and which hands our fate over to foreign authority shall cease, as far as we are concerned."

FROM the beginning, SACEUR has been an American, and few Europeans have challenged the necessity for this arrangement. The original SACEUR was General Eisenhower, whose tremendous prestige helped give viability to the new organization. Subsequent SACEURS were bound to have less prestige, but have been very able. Until the replacement of General Lauris Norstad in 1963, the fiction had been that SACEUR was not an American but an allied commander, subordinate equally to all the governments whose forces were under his command. The fact that he was also EUCOM (European Commander) of

American forces could be glossed over with the observation that he wore two hats. However, President Kennedy dismissed Norstad without consulting the NATO allies. The man who fires is clearly the man who controls. Moreover, Norstad was known to have been dismissed because of his unreadiness to accept some of those McNamara doctrines which the Europeans themselves did not like. Inasmuch as his replacement, General Lyman Lemnitzer, is three years older than Norstad, it was not easy to use the kind of excuses that might normally have been advanced for the retirement of a general.

General Lemnitzer also came into his present post with a kind of stigma that could do him no good in his new position. He had been Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the time of the Bay of Pigs, and had added his consent to that dismal and still incredible operation. The dispatch of Lemnitzer to SHAPE could only inspire speculations throughout Europe, and perhaps more than speculations, that the President had sent him to this new post simply to get him out of Washington.

In recent years there has also been a mounting irritation on the part of European governments over the admonitions and requirements that SACEUR has considered it his duty to make known to them. Part of this has to do with the feeling by some governments that SACEUR is being used by their own commanders to obtain equipment which they feel unable to acquire by their own request. How handy to have a desire for more vehicles fed into a SACEUR "requirement" to one's own government! These charges may be greatly exaggerated, and even if valid are hardly nefarious. The fact that they are even repeated probably shows only the general weariness with "integration" and American leadership.

Bowie's Brainchild

In a conversation with this writer last autumn, a high official of the secretariat to the North Atlantic Council referred to the MLF as a "near disaster." The "near" was added simply as a thankful acknowledgment that the scheme had not been adopted. The origin of the idea has its roots in the need to respond to a proposal of SACEUR (at that time Norstad), who wished land-based IRBMs installed in Europe under his command. His object seemed to be the control of missiles that he could direct against those the Soviets had aimed at targets in Europe. There were several reasons why the SACEUR proposal was not palatable in Washington. A State Department study group headed by Harvard Professor Robert R. Bowie (who had previously been director of the Policy Planning Council of the State Department, and who has now returned to the department as counselor) proposed in turn that a preferred alternative to the Norstad

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proposal was to put a force of Polaris submarines off the coasts of Europe. These vessels were to be financed and jointly operated by the participants, each of which was to have a veto on the firing of their missiles.

Later, ostensibly because the "mixed manning" was going to be applied to individual vessels, and was supposed to make for special hazards on submarines, the plan was changed to allow for a force of twenty-five surface ships armed with Polaris missiles. The surface ships happened also to be a good deal cheaper than submarines, and this is important because it put the United States in the position of recommending for adoption as a joint venture something decidedly inferior to the kind of seagoing Polaris force it maintained for itself. If it was not inferior, why was the United States paying all that extra money for high-performance submarines?

Actually, the original basic idea seems to have been thought up by two scholars on Professor Bowie's team. The scheme was submitted to the North Atlantic Council by Secretary of State Christian Herter in December, 1960, but simply for study. The Kennedy administration came into office a month later, and its first expressed attitudes toward the MLF were lukewarm to negative. President Kennedy himself openly stated the view that it was quite unnecessary.

What happened subsequently provides us with an exemplary lesson in how zeal, combined with shrewdness in bureaucratic infighting, on the part of a few officials in key positions can cause the adoption of a major initiative in United States foreign policy. To Professor Bowie the idea was both a kind of brainchild, even if by adoption, and also a means of achieving the greatest of his heart's desires concerning NATO —integration.

Professor Bowie can write very persuasive memos, and so can another man whom he early enlisted in this cause and who soon displayed equal ardor in pursuit of the objective—Henry Owen, then deputy to Walt W. Rostow as head of the State Department Policy Planning Council and now officially holding the latter position (the Council, incidentally, never meets as a corporate body and seems to have no function except to lend prestige to its director). Bowie and Owen brought Under Secretary George W. Ball into their alliance. Secretary of State Dean Rusk simply went along. By March, 1963, Ambassador Livingston Merchant had been called from retirement to carry out the negotiations that were to convert the MLF from a dream to a reality. The bureaucratic hierarchy was not slow in catching on. As the year wore on, the intensity and urgency of American pressure upon our allies to adopt this idea steadily increased.

MANY THINGS have been said for and against the MLF, but the strongest argument against it is simply that the allies did not want it. This scheme that was supposed to further integration was inherently divisive. When British participants in a semi-private meeting with Americans held in England in the autumn of 1963 to discuss NATO problems made some telling arguments against the MLF and expressed their doubts concerning the genuineness of German interest in the project, J. Robert Schaetzel, now our ambassador to the European Communities, asserted that "We can argue until doomsday why the Germans want the MLF, the fact is they want it." He was wrong on both points. It was easy enough to discover why they had agreed to it. All one needed to do was ask the appropriate persons and listen to the replies, but that sort of experience was rare to those who might have been asked. Candor among allies is not difficult to achieve; it is, however, rarely sought by those who are trying to put a point across and who listen only as salesmen listen to resistive arguments—with the intention not of learning but of scoring.

This writer, in various conversations at about that time with officials in the German Foreign and Defense Ministries, failed to detect any real enthusiasm for the MLF. In some instances, quite the contrary was expressed. The Germans seemed to be going along with the idea because they knew that the Americans wanted it very much; and because de Gaulle was behaving so badly, somebody had to be doing something to please America.

My suspicion was confirmed last fall in a conversation with a top German Foreign Service official who had been present in the room when Chancellor Adenauer, while discussing the MLF proposal with his colleagues, received the message informing him that de Gaulle had just vetoed British admission to the Common Market. Adenauer, in announcing the content of the message, added that this settled the matter of German adherence to the MLF. Later Germany began to project an attitude that seemed to reflect almost as much enthusiasm for the idea as the United States. For a while in 1964 it looked as though the United States and Germany, with the participation "in principle" of Italy, Turkey, and Greece, would go ahead with this project even if other members of NATO abstained.

Then suddenly President Johnson, no doubt disturbed by the now obvious divisiveness of the proposal, took another hard look at it himself and ordered that the U.S. pressures for the adoption of the project be relaxed. The effect of this relaxation was naturally to let quick death overtake it. The sigh of relief in the Atlantic Alliance was general, though the Germans now had reason to resent being left exposed by the sudden abandonment of a scheme to which they had committed themselves. They and other Europeans, incidentally, must have been other than amused when they read Under Secretary Ball's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on July 13, 1966, where he said concerning the MLF and our NATO allies: ". . . we have been very careful not to try to bring any pressure on them and not to try to insist upon this particular solution." Later he added, "We certainly are not doctrinaire about any particular kind of solution, and we think whatever solution is found should be one which the Europeans themselves play a large part in developing." Senator Frank Church (D., Idaho) later wrote concerning this statement of Ball's: "If we are so unaware of the resentment our tactics produced, our antennae are in need of major repair."

One of the reasons why Professor Bowie so strongly advocated the

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idea, as he explained at an international conference at Dedham, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1963, was that he considered German aspirations to gain a nuclear capability "inevitable" and he believed the MLF to be the way of anticipating and deflecting those aspirations. The answer to such a remark is twofold: (1) the inevitability of the German demand—for any reasonable time span in the future—was simply one man's view; and (2) if Germany really wanted a nuclear capability, the MLF with its multilateral and especially American veto was hardly the device to beguile it from that desire.

The MLF has stood out, along with the "conventional buildup" which we shall next describe, as the apotheosis of American "doctrinalism" and "pushing." The conception concerned a gadget. Whether or not it could have worked technically—and mixed manning of ships probably presents no great difficulties—the special force conceived of involved expense, it might additionally provoke the Soviet Union to comparable replies, and there was simply no need for it.

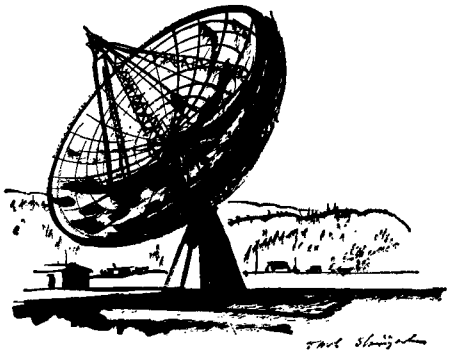
The Conventional Buildup

We must now take up the item that has perhaps caused more trouble in NATO and more disenchantment with American leadership than all the others put together—U.S. insistence on revising the strategy for the defense of Europe to avoid reliance not only on strategical nuclear weapons but on tactical nuclear weapons as well, even in the event of large-scale war. The ramifications of this idea have pervaded every aspect of our NATO relations, including the offset-purchase agreements with Germany, against which the latter country has finally rebelled in the series of actions that began with the fall of Chancellor Erhard and the subsequent elections.

Let us first be clear that no sane person wants to see nuclear weapons exploding in anger either strategically or even tactically, especially in densely populated Europe. Moreover, no one wants to see any kind of serious war breaking out in Europe, whether nuclear or non-nuclear. But the Europeans would rather see war avoided by the threat of using nuclear weapons than take the risks which might stem from letting that threat become ambiguous. They also want to avoid the great added costs of the proposed conventional buildup for a war they consider almost impossible. Washington, on the other hand, has continued to insist that we must think not only about deterring war but about keeping it non-nuclear if it comes.

Let us also be clear that we are talking not about skirmishes resulting from "pinpricks" but about real war, usually conceived of as resulting from a massive, deliberate, but somehow non-nuclear attack by the Soviet Union. No one questions the need for suitable conventional forces to deal with accidental outbreaks of violence along the frontiers or the Berlin autobahns. But one does not have to *build up* for these purposes.

President Kennedy came to office determined, as one of his assistants put it, to put "the nuclear genie



back in the bottle." In his Secretary of Defense the new President found a servant willing to oblige in any case, and also sharing the same preoccupations for somewhat independent reasons. New administrations want to make a show of changing things over from predecessor administrations, especially of the opposite party, and the New Frontier wanted to change everything connected with the "New Look," the Radford Plan, and the Dulles doctrine of massive retaliation. Considering the extremes reached under those conceptions, some change was surely in order.

IT IS HARD for a layman to understand the lengths to which the new doctrine proceeded. Not only did the United States begin, with the McNamara speeches of Athens and Ann Arbor in 1962, to press our allies to build up their conventional forces, but stemming from this pressure were a host of other pressures that had the same negative political effect. For some time there was a good deal of haggling on how much conventional ammunition and other supplies should be held ready for combat, the United States at one time holding out for a ninety-day combat supply at a large and intense level of fighting.

The American denunciation over a period of years of the French nuclear effort was also directly tied in large part to the same conception. All our copious advice to the European countries about how they should arm themselves has stressed the importance of their preparing themselves for conventional combat. The offset agreements with West Germany, which have become increasingly burdensome and irritating to that country, have stressed the purchase in the United States of costly war material suitable only for conventional combat.

A good part of the trouble with the U.S.-purchased Starfighter or F-104 aircraft, more than sixty-five of which have crashed, stems in German eyes from Secretary McNamara's insistence that they be converted to the use of conventional weapons. It is doubtful whether the resulting conversion, which added some weight to the aircraft, played any considerable part in the crashes, but there is no doubt that denuclearization of the Starfighters enormously diminishes their tactical effectiveness.

When Under Secretary Ball observed on April 10, 1966, that the French withdrawal from NATO might force the West to use nuclear weapons earlier than we might otherwise do in a world conflict, such an outcome being conceivable because "we are removing a part of a defense in depth which is useful," he could not have had in mind how the Germans might respond to such a remark. For it means simply that West Germany could be considered expendable before nuclear weapons were used.

There was even a proposal by some Americans connected with a prominent research organization to build a new Maginot Line of fixed fortifications across the line dividing East and West Germany. Although

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this proposal was fortunately not adopted by the United States government, the idea was expounded abroad and became well enough known to become a subject of comment in the European press. Characteristically, it was admitted by the authors that such a line would be utterly useless against nuclear weapons, and of course it would be needless in small outbreaks, so that one might say it would be effective only against attacks exquisitely tailored to make it so.

As Europe Sees It

From the European point of view, the objections to the American anti-nuclear doctrine may be summed up under two points—apart from the obvious one that the Russians could always match in kind a western conventional buildup.

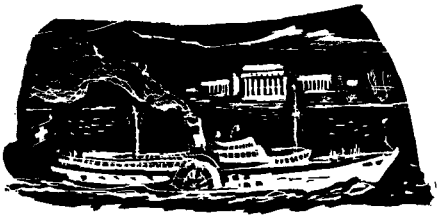
(1) The deterrence of large-scale war has been at least as important as attempting to avoid the use of nuclear weapons in such a war, the more so as deterrence appeared nearly certain of accomplishment.

(2) The European leaders felt, in common with many of our own specialists in Kremlinology, that the conventional-war arguments completely distorted the image of the opponent. It would in fact take an extraordinarily bold enemy to possess what the advocates of the doctrine imputed to him: not only a readiness to commit large-scale military aggression against the West, but a readiness to assault our nuclear-armed forces with conventional arms alone! The doctrine thus asserted that the Russians could be willing to enter a duel to the death while leaving to us the choice of weapons.

The recently growing movement among the Germans to turn to de Gaulle even at the risk of blighting their relationship with the United States is an acknowledgment that although de Gaulle's nuclear power is only a fraction that of the American, he at least knows how to use the advantage that power gives him. Meanwhile, his nuclear power is growing and in time will be respectable. Besides, the French are not constantly demanding offset purchases of materials that the Germans do not want.

Finally, there may be some point in the opinion of one experienced British official that an alliance is more likely to hold together when all the other members feel they have to sit on the nuclear power's coattails to keep him from doing something rash—the attitude that prevailed until the end of 1961—than when they feel his nuclear power simply cannot be counted upon.

We should not close without at least mentioning the American involvement in Vietnam, concerning which the Europeans were not consulted and in which the United States appears to have become increasingly absorbed to the growing exclusion of other concerns. Practically every European official or leader of opinion interviewed by this writer last fall expressed dismay at and inability to comprehend that involvement. To de Gaulle, filled with the sense of France's historic role in that area until only yesterday, a role which in fact continues in the French air patrolling of the Demilitarized Zone under its Geneva commitments, the absence of consultation was especially rankling. He has not missed his chance to make public statements about Vietnam calculated to cause us maximum embarrassment. No doubt we have a right to resent this, but where did the provocation begin? His 1958 proposal apparently asked for this kind of consultation, and in view of the situation we have got ourselves into in Vietnam, hindsight tells us we could have done worse than consult with him beforehand.



What Now?

Before we can consider what we should do now, we ought to ask what our officialdom has learned from its experience in Europe. On the surface at least, not much. On March 30, 1966, Senator Wayne Morse asked Secretary McNamara whether his Ann Arbor speech of four years earlier still held, and McNamara answered thus:

"I think that that speech, plus others that have been made by military and civilian officials of the Department, and other government representatives over the years, is gradually introducing some sense of realism in the thinking about nuclear forces.

"More and more Frenchmen are beginning to realize that the *force de frappe* is not a true deterrent force in any sense of the word. It is a myth as far as deterrent force is concerned."

If this kind of immobilism really reflects the views of the Secretary and his colleagues in the government, then the future of our efforts in Europe is not promising.

What the French seem to fear most is that we will seek a détente with the Soviet Union in which they are left out. They are far from being opposed to such a détente, but they are determined to be partners in it, and partners of the first rank. The British seem not to have the same fears of betrayal by us, and they still cherish their special relationship with the United States. But their eyes are turning increasingly toward Europe. They have long sought improved relations with the Soviet Union, and in this respect their policy seems to bear a close kinship to that of France—as well as to that of West Germany, whose new leaders appear to have concluded that the only hope for eventual reunification is by opening doors to the East. For all of them, the North Atlantic Treaty is an important backstop that can enable them to pursue openings to the East with steady eyes and without fear.

In all this, SHAPE and SACEUR and all the other accoutrements of the old Organization seem to have little place. We can no doubt insist on their continuation, if that is the price of our continued commitment to the treaty and to Europe. But that would make the price very high, not only for the Europeans but for ourselves. It is time we let things loosen up, and doing so would win a new kind of respect for our leadership, which ought as much as possible to acknowledge the role of partnership. Such respect will certainly not be gained by our continuing to insist that nothing fundamental has changed.

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Emancipation Comes To the Pribilofs

MARY ELLEN LEARY

UNNOTICED and unacclaimed, a civil-rights bill of sorts did get passed in the last session of Congress. Because it affected only 650 Americans, babies to old people, who could hardly be more remotely situated, little notice was taken of the fact that the remedial bill lifted from their lives a set of constrictions so severe as to invite the public charge that they had been kept in servitude. Whether or not the term "servitude" is accurate "is not to be answered with a simple yes or no," according to the report drawn up by an investigator appointed by the state of Alaska and presented at Congressional hearings in September, 1965. But the investigator had to admit that it came close. And only fifteen years back, he reported, these U.S. citizens were living in what was commonly considered "utter bondage."

The Americans concerned are natives of a remote cluster of volcanic islands, the Pribilofs, three hundred miles off the coast of Alaska in the wind- and fog-swept Bering Sea. There are four islands in the Pribilof chain, but only two—St. George and the largest, St. Paul—are inhabited. These two are forty miles apart and, since neither has a harbor, all cargo and passengers arriving by ship must be lightered ashore. The people who live on them are direct descendants of Aleuts enslaved by the Russians and taken to the islands after they were visited by Gerasim Pribilof in 1786. Because of the vast seal herds that congregate there every summer to bear their young and the Aleuts' unique skill at catching, killing, and skinning the animals, the Russians compelled the islanders to remain on the bleak outcroppings and deliver up the annual bounty of pelts that proved so lucrative for the Czarist régime.

IN THE eighteenth century, seal fur was one of the most profitable commodities in world trade. It is estimated that there were three to four million seals in the Bering Sea two hundred years ago. The Russians are said to have taken more than two and a half million pelts from the Pribilof Islands alone between the time of their peopling and the sale of Alaska to the United States in 1867. (Perhaps another two million were taken by pelagic sealing, the killing of seals from boats on the open sea, a method now prohibited by international agreement except to natives using traditional methods.) Twice the Pribilof herds came close to extinction, a fate that struck many seal rookeries within fifty years after the first experimental cargo of pelts was shipped from the South Pacific in 1784.

For all northern fur seals, the breeding ground is now limited to the Pribilofs, the Commander Islands at the Siberian end of the Aleutian chain, Robben Island off Sakhalin, and some of the Kurile Islands stretching north from Japan. About eighty per cent of all northern fur seals are from the Pribilofs, though it has been shown by tracing tagged animals that there is a certain amount of intermixture. Strict conservation controls are now enforced by agreement between the countries concerned with sealing in northern waters—the Soviet Union, Japan, Canada, and the United States.

Seals are great distance swimmers; only the bull seals winter in Alaskan waters. The rest frequent areas well offshore along the Pacific Coast, swimming as far south as the Santa Barbara Channel Islands off southern California. They rarely go ashore but often travel in small groups, feeding and resting through the winter months in the ocean. Sometimes they are seen floating on their backs, fast asleep, with all four flippers peacefully folded over their bellies or idly stretched in the air.

In the spring and summer, they habitually return to the rookery where they were born. The bulls come first, arriving in order of age. Once they are ensconced, the older females go ashore. Throughout the years, the seals have kept the same cycle, so that it can be said with certainty that the mid-point for the arrival of four-year-old males is between July 13 and 18, for three-year-olds between July 20 and 28. Yearlings come last, though they may only play in the waters and not go ashore at all. The females usually give birth the day after their arrival, and mate once more five days later. All summer the mother seals nurse their pups, one per mother, swimming out for a week or more at a time for food. In November the mother then swims off for the winter. The fat pup is abruptly weaned and left to learn for itself how to follow the schools

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of fish south. Between disease and disaster, as high as eighty-five per cent of one season's pups may be lost before they reach the age of three.

Long before the Russians found the Pribilof Islands, the Aleut was attuned to this pinniped cycle and adapted his life to it. No one has been able to match his skill in coming upwind upon the seals in their resting areas, blocking their escape to sea, herding them inland —not too fast, for their hundred-degree body temperature rises quickly outside the ocean and they die from too much exertion on land—and then killing them with one decisive blow on the head.

From the time the Pribilofs were taken over by the Russians until 1910, when the United States government took over the management of the annual slaughter, the lives of the islanders hung precariously upon the ability of the herds to survive the ruthless exploitation to which they were subjected. In 1867, the first year of U.S. possession, before any controls were established, 300,000 skins were taken in the greedy rush to the newly available source of wealth. The government reacted quickly. It prohibited sealing altogether, set aside the islands as a protected reservation for the animals, and then in 1870 established a leasing system that forbade the killing of females. In the first twenty years the lessee, the Alaska Commercial Company, took nearly two million skins; the second twenty-year lease yielded only 342,651, indicating the degree to which the herd had shrunk. At the end of the second lease, the Federal government placed the management of the herd and the taking of skins first under the Department of Commerce and then under the Secretary of the Interior, through the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The law provided that only the natives of the Pribilofs could execute the annual catch and do the work connected with it—a guarantee not wholly prompted by generosity, since non-natives, as the Russians had discovered, only botched the job. Responsibility for the seal herd and for the Pribilovians themselves (all, by then, a mixture of Aleut and Russian) still rests with the bureau.

Austere Arrangements

Under the direct supervision of the U.S. government, the seal herd has thrived: in 1911 it had been reduced to about 200,000 animals; today it is estimated at 1,500,000. Each year's catch is regulated by such factors as the number of pups born the previous year and the number of breeding females. Harvesting is now largely limited to three- or four-year-old males forty-two inches or more in length, though females are included when the population is large enough.

As for the human charges of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, it would be perhaps unfair to say that the residents of the Pribilofs have

evoked less concern over the years than the animals for which the preserve was created. The bureau was made responsible for "their comfort, maintenance, education, and protection," and it supplied houses, food, furnishings, education, and medical care superior, in most cases, to what was obtained by the natives on the mainland. Admittedly, "comfort" is difficult to arrange on remote islands where storms and fogs are the normal weather. The austerity of life on the Pribilofs is conveyed by photographs of the uniform and utterly unadorned wooden houses set on uncompromisingly barren tundra between gray sea and gray sky. The steep roofs of the houses are the only upward thrust from among rocks, dunes, and tundra grass. The impression is of an early Maine town moved to Mars. But the austerity of life on the Pribilofs extended to other areas over which the bureau had more control. In many respects it continued the practices the Russians had instituted. Until 1950 it did not pay wages—only cash bounties for those who killed the seals; if islanders left their jobs and their homes, even temporarily, there was no guarantee that either would be waiting for them on their return; they had no choice of jobs, they had no choice of food, clothing, housing—they made do with government handouts; their houses and furnishings did not belong to them; they had no voice in their own affairs whatsoever. No one—not the governor of Alaska himself—other than officials of the Fish and Wildlife Service was allowed onto the islands without special permission.

Even without allowing for the fact that the Pribilovians have returned to the U.S. Treasury more than three times the sum (more than $25 million) paid Russia for all of Alaska ($7.2 million), these arrangements seem less than generous.

DURING the Second World War, when the Federal government moved them to an island closer to the mainland, the disparity between their lives and others' became apparent to the Pribilovians. There for the first time they made more than casual contact with people whose lives were not totally geared to such a primitive trade. They learned that people who worked received wages. They learned about opportunities for education and found that the children of other Alaskans remained in school until they were eighteen. They realized for the first time that other Alaskans had great freedom in conducting their own community life. But probably the most poignant discovery they made was that other Americans were free to come and go as they chose, to own property, to change jobs, to leave home when they liked and to return when they liked.

In 1950 the Pribilovians were granted their first pay, niggardly though it was. The islands' 166 workers were given an average of less than $1,000 a year in addition to the government provision of housing, fuel, water, and so forth.

Although rumors had circulated in Alaska for years about a small group of people living under con-

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ditions of extreme hardship on the Pribilofs, it wasn't until 1960 that the Department of the Interior woke up to what it had been doing and charged its newly appointed director of the Seattle-based Pribilof operation, C. Howard Baltzo, with improving the lot of the islanders. Workers on the Pribilofs, accordingly, have been paid since 1962 on a scale comparable to that of other Federal employees in Alaska. In other ways, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries has been trying to make improvements. But not all of their efforts have been welcomed by the islanders and none of them have assuaged the ancient grievances. The Pribilovians were still government wards.

A Flurry of Charges

The extraordinary barriers that have persisted between the islanders and the exercise of their full American rights was brought to public attention two years ago by a deceptively simple event. A mainland merchant running for a seat in the Alaskan legislature chartered a plane and flew out to the Pribilofs to do a little stumping for votes. To his astonishment, he was immediately ejected; he had no permit to enter.

Outrage at his rebuff and its clear indication of Federal paternalism would not normally have swept Alaska as it did, nor have been felt in Congress with such impact. But a wave of self-assertion that is a reflection of the Negro's reach for equality had been building up among the natives who make up nearly a fifth of the population of the Far North. It has been perceptibly quickened by the concern for civil rights in the "Lower 48," as Alaskans often refer to the continental states.

A coalition of Eskimo and Indian interests has been spurred along by a lively little weekly newspaper, the *Tundra Times,* edited in Fairbanks by a couple of irrepressible if sometimes ungrammatical zealots with impeccable news sense, Howard Rock and Thomas A. Snapp. When the airborne candidate was barred from his soapbox on the Pribilofs, the *Tundra Times* was ready and waiting with the story. "Most people think slavery in the United States was abolished with the Civil War and the Emancipation Proclamation," Tom Snapp wrote in the November 23, 1964, issue. "Yet today in the Far North, in Alaska, slavery still exists, in milder form perhaps than existed in the deep south, but slavery nonetheless. The Aleuts of the Pribilof Islands are today living in servitude to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service."

It was this story that inspired two investigations, with a great flurry of charges, alibis, explanations, apologies, and pledges of good faith for the future and led finally to passage of a remedial bill sponsored by Senator E. L. (Bob) Bartlett (D., Alaska) last October. "All my life," said Senator Bartlett, "I have heard accounts of their problems. All my life I have heard, too, official reassurances that Pribilovians are being well and fairly treated. And yet the problems continue."

The hearings of the Senate Commerce Committee he conducted on St. Paul Island on September 9, 1965, and in Washington on February 18, 1966, verified many of the facts behind these ancient rumors. So did the report of Alaska's Human Rights Commissioner Willard L. Bowman in March, 1965, and a subsequent report of September 3, 1965, by a special commission appointed by former Governor William A. Egan.

As the reports make clear, the Pribilovians are a remarkable people. Their ancestors were the first native Alaskans to become Christian, the first to learn to read and write. Inevitably, in their isolated communities, there is intermarriage between close relatives, yet they have marvelous physical endurance, great warmth and a bubbling natural happiness, good minds and aptitudes. Their lives, however, as the Congressional hearings disclosed, are full of pathos provoked by their long status as government wards.

THROUGHOUT the reports and the subsequent hearings runs the testimony of a chronically apprehensive people. It is impossible to be sure how much of this sense of insecurity grew out of current practice and how much was a carry-over from the bad old days before 1950. The most haunting evidence concerned the Pribilovians' feeling that they were not free to move. If they left, they feared there was no going back. To a people so long isolated, so bereft of other contacts, so singularly dependent upon village relationships, this fear has far more shattering emotional implications than it would for other Americans.

"Times have changed," Senator Bartlett told the Pribilovians. "These evil things cannot be done to the people of the islands any more, because there would be such a loud public outcry that it wouldn't be tolerated." But the past was still vivid. As village council president Iliodor Merculieff testified at St. Paul: "Up until 1950, we were not paid fair compensation and we were allowed just very little food, and shelter of course .... plus the fact that if we didn't co-operate with the bureau, you used to be laid off. You had to do what the island manager said. . . . In the old days, they used to lay them [those who criticized the bureau] off. Or else if he asked for a vacation or stayed out for about six months, when you came back, you wouldn't get into your old house. So anybody was afraid to go out for more than six months."

Merculieff testified further: "For groceries, they used to allow us for one family, man and wife, a dozen

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eggs for a week and no meat."

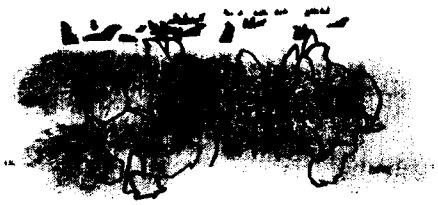
One Gabriel Stepetin testified: "During sealing season, they used to eliminate all canned foods—salt fish, salt beef. We lived only on seal meat. Some of the sealers, due to this inadequate food . . . would get tired and when they made a complaint they were threatened that they would be expelled from the island."

And he added: "For most of the people here the government had provided the home furnished. I don't know what that means, 'furnished.' They never were furnished. Probably they gave you a bed, a dresser or something like that. The residents of the islands themselves have painted, have kept the houses. . . . Like myself, I spent over $3,000 to make what my house is today. Not counting my labor." He went on to ask whether the islanders would get credit for improvements if the houses were later sold to them.

Another villager, the Reverend Smile Gromoff, asked how they could be sure the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries wouldn't move them all off the islands, even then, and let them hustle for work wherever they could find it, to return only for the sealing season. The sense of uncertainty over the future, the fear to trust in the continuation of reforms, runs through every page of the hearings.

Indeed, the most extraordinary disclosure the Pribilovians made was that in its efforts since 1960 to bring efficiency and good management to the Pribilofs, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries had instituted a policy that only exacerbated the insecurity of the villagers. It decided that maintenance of two villages on two widely separated islands with duplicate water, power, and sewage systems was absurd. Shipping is excessively costly because bad weather often compels vessels to lie off days at a time before unloading. St. George, with its some 180 people, lives many months without outside contact, dependent only on mail drops from the air if weather permits. A medical emergency in wintertime calls for heroism. The Coast Guard has to fly to St. Paul with a dismantled helicopter, put it together, and then either fly a doctor into St. George or fly the patient out. St. George's grade-school children might join with the larger group on St. Paul for a more adequate program. In all, the bureau thought, it was doing the St. George residents a favor to propose consolidation on St. Paul.

Over the last few years, therefore, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries has been urging and inviting (but *not*, it insists, compelling) residents of St. George to move to St. Paul. A few have done so. And as they moved, their homes on St. George were de-



stroyed. The bureau says that they were the oldest homes and that the government could not afford to maintain them empty, which would involve keeping them heated in winter. But to the villagers who beheld the destruction, the significance was shattering. When Senator Bartlett held his hearing at St. Paul, seven islanders from St. George came by boat to plead for their homes and their village.

In fact, the advantages of moving are apparent to few outside the government bureaucracy. Housing in St. Paul is so crowded that it is already causing "intense dissatisfaction." The resulting lack of privacy and difficulties in family life were repeatedly testified to. The bureau's plan to provide additional housing on St. Paul has not materialized. Even as a plan, it is an irritant, since some new buildings would go to outsiders.

But the employment situation on the Pribilofs is even worse than the housing, and this problem, too, has arisen from the effort to bring a modern way of life to the islands.

Toward a New Order

In pre-pay days, all the men were on a par, living on gratuities from the government. It was servitude, but it was the common lot. Now, however, the men of the community are divided sharply between those with permanent full-time jobs (seventy) and those who work only temporarily in the sealing season (185). Permanent jobs bring status as civil-service employees, with civil-service retirement benefits. Temporary jobs, like all Federal temporary employment, have only Social Security benefits. Permanent workers are generally maintenance men, warehousemen, engineers, or equipment handlers. (Neither the Weather Bureau nor the Coast Guard hires Aleuts on their Pribilof stations.) All permanent men have assignments during the sealing season as well. But harvesting sealskins, including preparation and cleaning up afterward, takes only four and a half summer months.

"While prolonged unemployment of the outdoor labor force is all too common in Alaska, that explanation brings no solace to those . . . unemployed people of these two villages who have lived in close-knit kinship for two centuries," the report of the Alaska investigating commission reads. "For certain persons . . . to be on the year-round 'permanent' payroll while about half of their kinsmen are on a five-months 'temporary' labor payroll and then on unemployment compensation is a disruptive influence for which economically feasible remedies must be found. The sense of community which has existed for so long has been rent asunder by the painful separation. . . ."

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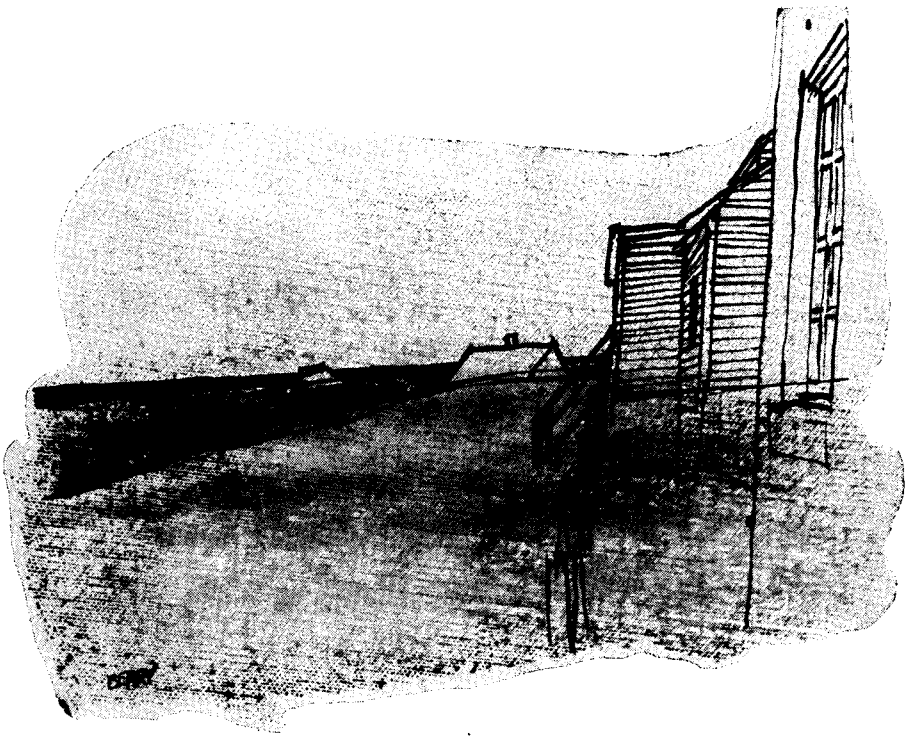
The report points out that since the villagers were quite able to see that the savings achieved by consolidation of the two villages depended largely upon reduction in the total of permanent year-round jobs, their fear that the bureau's "emancipation" was moving too fast was wholly logical.

"The average income for the . . . temporary workers is about $2,900 a year, based upon the laborer's wage scale of $3.28 per hour . . . ," the report reveals. "This creates a hardship for the temporary employee, for even if he draws [unemployment compensation] for twenty-six weeks, it still leaves him with a gap when there is no income for his family. To fill this gap the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries extends the families credit at the store. Since the bill is paid when the men return to work, there are those who find it increasingly harder to get out of debt each year. Most admit this is the fault of the people concerned; yet all agree the problem is there with no solution to date."

The commission pointed out that a rising standard of living simply could not be achieved with over half the population having only four and a half months' work each year. It made strong recommendations for creation of a harbor at St. Paul and development of Bering Sea fishing from this base. The state of Alaska is strongly favorable. A U.S. Army Engineers' report on the feasibility of building a harbor is expected to come out soon. Reportedly, it will be adverse—the plan is too expensive. But Alaska is hoping that intensive fishing by Russia and Japan in northern waters may prod this country into quickened concern for a share in this resource.

Awaiting the possibility of a fishing center, the bureau moved last winter to carry out some of the commission's recommendations by making it possible for thirty Pribilovians to work in the king-crab industry at Adak and Unalaska—without worry over loss of their homes while away. A long-range program to open other winter employment has begun, greater emphasis has been put on adult vocational education, and the bureau has agreed to make it feasible for tourists to visit the Pribilofs in summer months, providing the seals are not disturbed. All of these belated efforts are directed toward eventually freeing the people of the Pribilofs from government supervision.



THE LAW proposed by Senator Bartlett and passed by Congress last fall ensures that the proposals for change in the lives of these remote island people will be carried out. The law includes the first opportunity for Pribilovians to own their own homes and create and govern their own municipality. It anticipates a chance for them to start up private businesses and to develop recreation areas. It calls for frequent and natural communication between the Pribilofs and the rest of Alaska, abolishes the "permit" system completely, and proposes that tourists be invited to the islands to view the seals.

The new law makes up for the old injustices by recognizing the years the islanders worked prior to 1950 and admitting such service as credit toward retirement pay. This right has been won for seventy-one men—over the protest, it must be acknowledged, of the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

In carrying forward the mandate to bring the Pribilovians out of paternalism into an independent life, the current good faith of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries has not been questioned, but whether this agency has the time, the long-range plan, or the capability to cope with the difficulties of transition has been questioned. It is not going to be easy. It is the state of Alaska that will have to provide the vigilance needed to guarantee the reforms promised by Senator Bartlett's new law.

For various reasons, some Federal agencies balked at Senator Bartlett's plan to give the Pribilovians a chance for full title to their own homesteads, full rights of self-government, and full benefits in retirement. Moreover, it would appear that these simplest of all freedoms have been assured to the Pribilovians by the last Congress only because more sophisticated efforts to extend equality threw the Pribilof policy into such shocking focus.

To concern oneself in these busy times with a handful of islanders who are far off and usually forgotten may seem an exercise in irrelevance. But the story of the Pribilofs is counterpoint to the civil-rights movement, starkly simple in the quality of freedom with which it deals. It is sobering to consider that while carrying out valiant missions elsewhere in the name of freedom, this nation has been content, right up to the present, to tolerate a little slavery of its own on the side.

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A European's View Of the Vietnam War

J. H. HUIZINGA

THE DEBATE on Vietnam, as Harold Wilson has said, is characterized by "great passion, great feeling, and great emotion." The British Prime Minister referred to the worldwide indignation aroused by United States actions in that unhappy country. Believing as I do that the purely emotional protests against the war in Vietnam do not deserve the respect they often receive, I shall no doubt be accused of having a heart of stone. And it is true that when I went to Vietnam last year and took part in an air strike against the Vietcong guerrillas, I felt not a twinge of guilt.

There was a moment, however, when even my cold heart was moved to protest. "You gotta work over the area good and proper," the briefing officer instructed my pilot and his three colleagues. I was shocked; the man talked as if it were a question of plowing a field rather than of dropping napalm. Yet I remained silent, for on reflection I recognized my indignation for what it was: self-indulgent sentimentalism. The target was a Vietcong concentration in a stretch of uninhabited jungle: war is war, and fire is one of its oldest instruments. These men had a job to do; one might indeed call it a chore, for they went out on these missions five days a week. They were bound to talk about their work in this businesslike way.

This is not to exculpate myself from the charge of insufficient compassion; on another occasion, I felt that it was justified. This was soon after my arrival in Vietnam when I spent several hours on one of its huge air bases, taking shelter from the blinding sun under the wing of the military transport that was to take us from Saigon to Hué. With clockwork precision, an endless stream of fighting machines, miraculously avoiding collision with the incoming traffic, roared into the shimmering air on missions of death and destruction. Still new to the war, I should have felt a sense of horror at the thought of what they would let loose on paddies and villages in the green land beyond. But no such pictures came to mind; I saw only a superbly organized death factory at work. Just forty-eight hours after my arrival, the identification with "one's own side" had become so complete that everyone on the receiving end of the factory had become fair game.

It was here that my failure of feeling showed most clearly, for the tragedy of the Vietnam war is, of course, that so many people on the receiving end are *not* fair game. The average South Vietnamese peasant is in no way responsible for the miseries visited upon him. He is not to be compared to the German civilians who could be held largely responsible for the fate that befell them during the Second World War, but rather with the civilians in German-occupied territory. Indeed, he has even more claim to compassion than the occupied populations of wartime Europe. Like them, he is bombed "for his own good" because there is no other way of liberating him from his "liberators." But unlike the German captives, he has some reason to doubt whether the kind of liberation he can look forward to is worth the price.

THIS BEING SAID, questions about the emotional opposition to U.S. actions in Vietnam remain: How legitimate is its indignation? How pure is its inspiration? First, it should be a chastening thought that one hears very little of this humanitarian protest among Vietnam's neighbors, such as the Thais. They know that if the United States were to settle for disguised or phased surrender, Thailand would be next in line for a "war of national liberation." It is a little too easy for people in the West to demand that the sufferings inflicted on the Vietnamese be brought to an end, whatever the cost to the Thais or Laotians. These critics should ask themselves whether they would be equally ready to advocate withdrawal if the United States were bombing Germany to stop Ulbricht's guerrillas from advancing to the Rhine.

Secondly, those who take the line that anything is better than a continuation of the war are guilty themselves of a lack of compassion and imagination. Before denouncing President Johnson for inhumanity, they would do well to reflect on the inhumanities that would result

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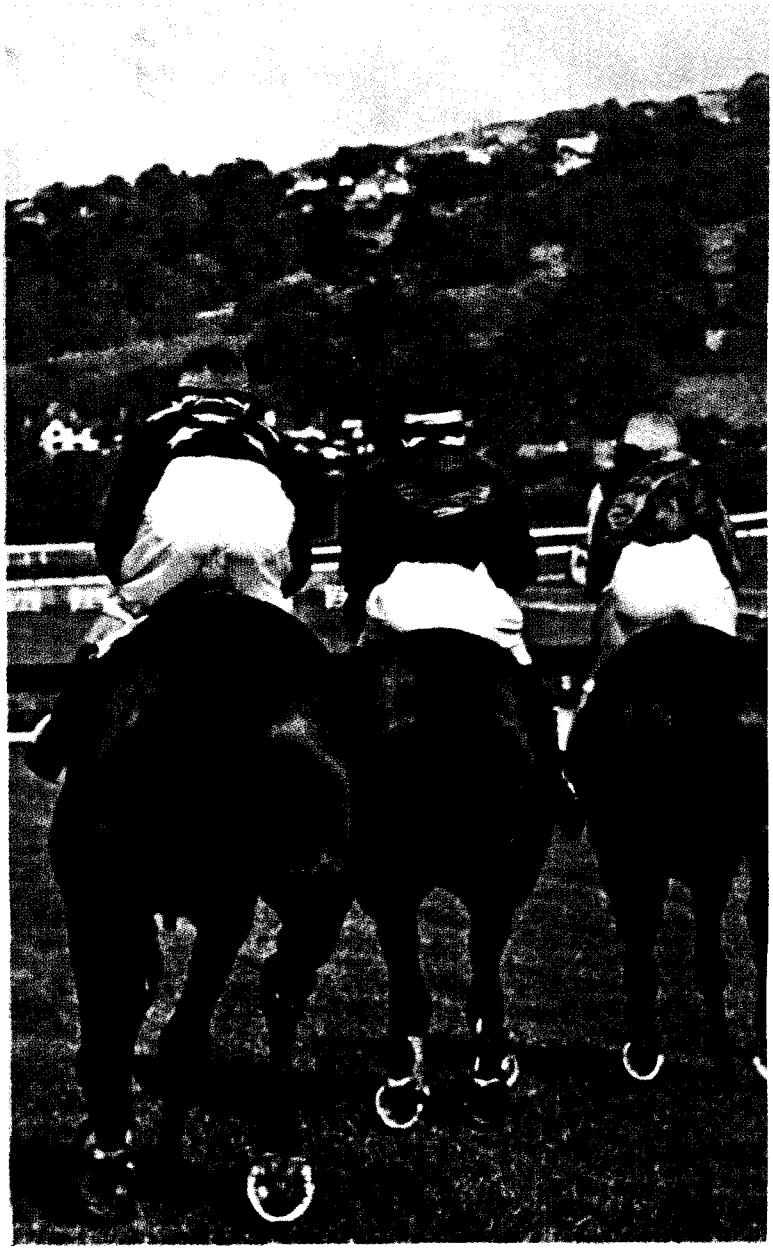

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Perhaps television can give you some fresh new ideas, too. The March programs listed below can advance anyone's thinking.

The Smithsonian
Catlin and the Indians; The World Around Us; Our Vanishing Lands; Meteors. Saturday, March 4, 11, 18, 25 (12:30-1 pm).

Discovery
Discovery Visits New York, Part 2; Moscow's Young Americans; To the Moon and Beyond; Discovery Goes to Hong Kong. Sunday, March 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 noon).

The 21st Century
The Remarkable Schoolhouse; At Home, 2001. Sunday, March 5, 12 (6-6:30 pm).

The Ransom of Red Chief
Children's Film Festival: Russian production of O. Henry's classic story. Sunday, March 5 (4-5 pm).

Rabbit Hill
Burl Ives narrates dramatization of Newbery Medal-winning children's book. Sunday, March 5 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Brigadoon
Tuneful fantasy starring Robert Goulet and Sally Ann Howes. Monday, March 6 (8:30-10 pm).

Mark Twain Tonight!
Hal Holbrook recreates his memorable portrayal of the great American writer. Monday, March 6 (9:30-11 pm).

Captain Kangaroo
Scientists from Franklin Institute: Topology; Light and Lasers. Thursday, March 9, 30 (8-9 am).

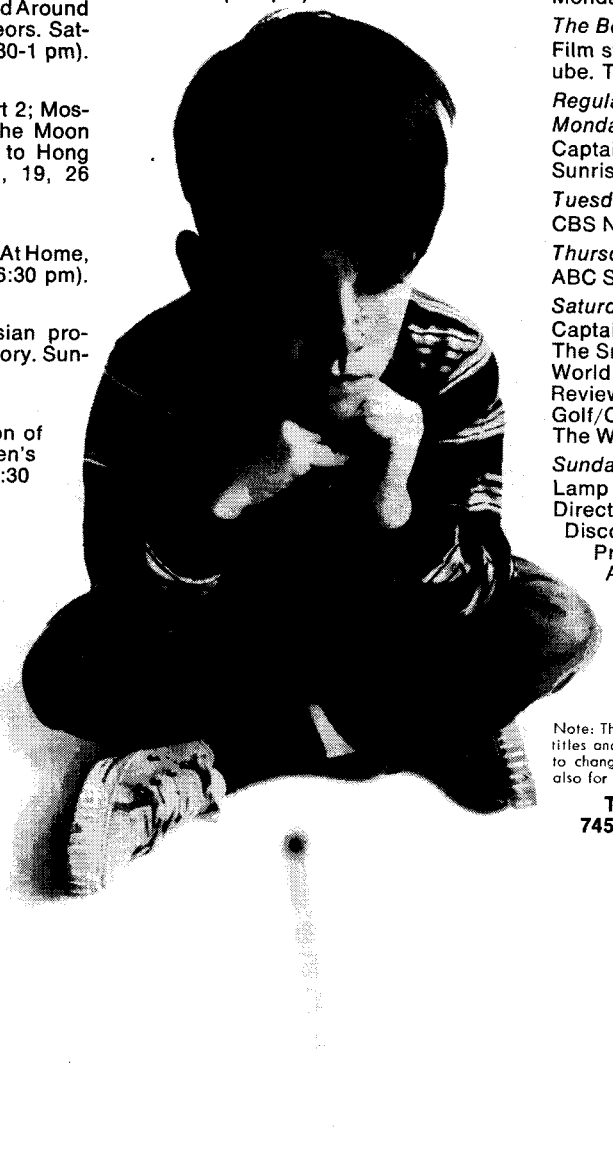
The Vine
The life of Christ filmed at sites in the Holy Land. Sunday, March 12 (4-5 pm).

Bell Telephone Hour
Toscanini: The Maestro Revisited; An Easter Greeting, Handel's Messiah. Sunday, March 12, 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Saigon
Portrait of a city and its people at war. Tuesday, March 14 (10-11 pm).

I'm Getting Married
Stage 67: Anne Bancroft and Dick Shawn in Comden-Green-Styne play with music. Thursday, March 16 (10-11 pm).

This Is Marshall McLuhan
The communications professor explains "The Medium is the Massage." Sunday, March 19 (4-5 pm).



Our Time In Hell
Lee Marvin narrates documentary of Marines' World War II role in the Pacific. Tuesday, March 21 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hand In Hand
Children's Film Festival: British story of friendship and understanding between a Jewish and a Catholic child. Sunday, March 26 (4-5:30 pm).

Antoinette Perry Awards
Presentation of Tony Awards for achievements in Broadway theatre. Sunday, March 26 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Leningrad
The city's history and great moments, including visit to Hermitage museum. Monday, March 27 (10-11 pm).

The Beautiful Blue and Red Danube
Film study of the countries on the Danube. Thursday, March 30 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo/Today/
Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS News Hour

Thursdays:
ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/ The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/CBS Golf Classic/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/ Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet The Press/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/ NBA Basketball / The Children's Film Festival/NBC Experiment in Televison / Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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from the policies they advocate. They might give some thought to the President's statement that "A just nation cannot leave to the cruelties of its enemies a people who have staked their lives and independence on America's solemn pledge."

A third point frequently overlooked is that the feelings of horror and indignation aroused by the Vietnam war are so intense, at least in part, because the war is so wide open to journalistic investigation. How much a reporter sees of the war depends entirely on how brave he is. And because some of the U.S. reporters are brave indeed, the public has had a much closer look at war than ever before. Certainly it is much closer than the reporting of the Algerian war, when the authorities were much less co-operative. Add the tremendous impact made by television, and one begins to understand why the Vietnam war has impressed the public so strongly. Because only the U.S. side of the war is public—what impartial western correspondent has been allowed to accompany the Vietcong on their operations and witness their cruelties?—a distorted picture results. A series of articles by one of Europe's most eminent correspondents, Robert Guillain of *Le Monde*, is a good example. Guillain devoted six times more space to the sufferings resulting from U.S. bombings than to the misdeeds of the Vietcong.

Intellectual Fog

It is no accident that the tendency to give the other side the benefit of the doubt, manifest in the acceptance of the Vietcong claim to be spearheading a popular revolt, is particularly noticeable among intellectuals. The intellectual prides himself on his objectivity and independence of thought and is ever tempted to give "the other side," by whose recognition he demonstrates his independence, more weight than it merits. If statesmen have little choice but to oversimplify in one direction, painting the enemy too black and their own side too white, intellectuals are inclined to oversimplify in the other direction, reversing the colors. A striking example of this was Senator J. William Fulbright's warning that his country "is succumbing to that arrogance of power" which has "afflicted, weakened, and in some cases destroyed great nations in the past."

There is an element of intellectual showing off in such statements. Few things struck me more in my contacts with U.S. military as well as civilian representatives in Vietnam than the absence of presumption and arrogance. They were quiet Americans indeed, remarkably good-humored and long-suffering, even under strong provocation. I saw one U.S. official in Hué standing in front of the consulate patiently listening to a long diatribe delivered by the leader of an anti-American

demonstration. "Thank you," he said with a smile as the young man at last handed him the text for transmittal to President Johnson. And I marveled at the modest, unassuming tones in which these representatives of a superpower spoke of and to their Vietnamese protégés. Judging by what I saw of them, they rarely throw their weight around and do not adopt the supercilious airs we Europeans often assumed in colonial days.

That so many people in the non-Communist world have become alienated from the United States because of Vietnam can partly be explained by a widespread historical misconception. As these people see it, the Geneva Agreements were a great feat of statesmanship, the first flowering of peaceful coexistence that subsequently was blighted by Saigon's and Washington's violation of a crucial provision. The facts are rather different. The Geneva accords were imposed on the anti-Communist Vietnamese (who had died to prevent a Communist take-over in greater number than the French forces in Indochina) somewhat as the Munich pact was imposed on the Czechs. The sorry episode was well described in Donald Lancaster's *The Emancipation of Indochina*: "The Vietnamese foreign minister declared that his government would refuse to subscribe to any cease-fire agreement partitioning the country. . . . But on July 20, he informed the French Prime Minister with sorrowful dignity that his government would not oppose the impending armistice in spite of the fact that it considered such an armistice to be both catastrophic and immoral. . . . He proposed that the Vietnamese government's objections and reservations should be incorporated in the Final Declaration. His protest was brusquely dismissed" (by the French and the British).

As for the agreement to hold elections, which Diem and Dulles are supposed to have violated, it exists only in the realm of popular mythology. It is true that Molotov, Chou En-lai, and Ho Chi Minh, not content with the partitioning that gave the Communists more than half of the Vietnamese population, extracted a promissory note for the rest from Anthony Eden and Pierre Mendès-France. These two ministers reluctantly agreed to a plebiscite within two years that would almost certainly have placed the whole country under Ho's rule. No wonder that those on whose account the check had been drawn—the non-Communist Vietnamese in the South—refused to honor it. Thanks to them and their American backers, the installment plan on which all of Vietnam was to be delivered to Ho by 1956 was foreclosed.

The South Vietnamese were perfectly entitled, both in international law and in equity, to disregard the declaration calling for elections—in law because they had remained mute when Eden asked for oral approval of this document that bears no signatures of any kind, and in equity because the con-

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ditions for a truly "free expression of the national will" were notoriously lacking. A free choice presupposes freedom from fear on the part of both the candidates and the voters. And no one has yet been able to explain how such a climate can be made to prevail in a country where the contenders for power have spent years trying to vanquish one another by force of arms with all the bitterness and vengefulness resulting therefrom.

As for the obligations undertaken at Geneva by the United States, it may perhaps be argued that the American delegate's statement that "In the case of nations now divided against their will we shall continue to seek to achieve unity through free elections supervised by the United Nations to ensure that they are conducted fairly" was a very general endorsement of the *principle* of the Final Declaration. But it is nonsense to conclude from this, as Philip Noel-Baker has done, that the United States had a legal obligation to compel Diem to hold elections and that the failure to do so has "done more than any other event in the last decade to undermine the binding force of international law."

There is another reason, however, why those who hold Diem and Dulles responsible for frustrating Geneva's promise of a "democratic" solution of the unresolved conflict between Vietnam's Communists and nationalists are guilty of political naïveté bordering on willful self-deception. It is totally unrealistic to suggest that the antagonists in a long and bloody civil war should allow the issue to be decided by elections. Yet once again this idea is very much in fashion. Since neither can win a military contest, so the theory runs, the two sides must be brought to the conference table to work out a "political solution" that would allow the people of Vietnam to determine their own fate. As if there had ever been a civil war of comparable intensity and duration that was brought to a close by a popular vote in favor of one party or another or by the formation of a coalition government. And as if the experience of Laos had not given conclusive proof that peaceful coexistence between Communists and anti-Communists is quite impracticable within one state once they have been at war with one another for any length of time.

Europe's Short Memory

Something further must be said about the specifically European attitude that finds expression in the patronizing formula: "Of course, I am a hundred per cent with the Americans, *but* . . . ," followed by a discourse on U.S. political naïveté and ending with: "You see, old boy, they simply don't *understand*." To my mind nothing has been more striking than the rapidity with which the Americans have adapted themselves to the stern exigencies of world power and responsibility. Yet today the attitude of patronizing disparagement remains particularly prevalent in Britain and France, where it can be traced to post-imperial spite.

I heard European diplomats in Saigon argue with great earnestness that the Americans simply have not yet grasped the fact that they have a revolutionary war on their hands and that such a war cannot be won with conventional tactics—as if the U.S. press had not expatiated on this theme for years. And as if the U.S. and South Vietnamese military commanders had not taken a leaf out of the enemy's book, fighting him with his own tactics. At the Revolutionary Cadre Center in Vung Tau, selected villagers grouped in Revolutionary Development Teams are being taught to reconquer the countryside with the same techniques used by the Vietcong and, in fact, deliberately copied from them by the U.S. instructors.

This may be an undertaking of doubtful merit. For if the South Vietnamese are to be won for Saigon by armed agitprop teams—which is what the Revolutionary Development Teams are—the end product of this operation, a regimented populace, is likely to differ but little from that aimed at by the Vietcong. But it certainly does dispose of the charge that the Americans have not discovered what kind of war they have on their hands.

The view that Washington's international priorities are all wrong, that the attempt to hold the 17th parallel and maintain the status quo in South Vietnam is an unnecessary and indeed dangerous waste of blood and treasure, is expressed as often in the United States as in Europe. One knows the argument: The dangers of allowing South Vietnam to fall to Ho Chi Minh are less than those of stepping up the war, getting bogged down on the mainland of Asia, and forfeiting the fruits of a progressive détente with the Soviet Union; the West has little to fear from a reunited and Communist Vietnam since, far from allowing itself to be used by China, it would adopt a Titoist position. Thus the U.S. is fighting the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time, and in so doing fails as the guardian of the balance of power on whose maintenance the peace of the world depends.

Whatever the merits of this argument—which ignores the chain reaction that might be set off by a spectacular American retreat—it does not sound good coming from Europeans. Their record as keepers of the peace hardly entitles them to speak in patronizing tones of their "inexperienced" successor's handling of his world responsibility, for when the Anglo-French entente still led the West it allowed the balance of power to be tilted against it in Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Austria, and Czechoslavakia, until the landslide all but overwhelmed us.

STUDENTS of foreign affairs should be able to recognize that the justification of U.S. policy in Vietnam depends on one thing only: whether this action is indispensable for the maintenance of the balance of power and the timely prevention of a slide toward ultimate disaster. Whether Hanoi is the aggressor,

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whether the Saigon régime is reactionary, or whether the Vietcong represent a spontaneous popular rising all are irrelevant to the justifiability of the U.S. intervention. Once you accept that this attempt to maintain the status quo represents the lesser risk for the maintenance of peace, there should be no difficulty in supporting the President's policy.

To illustrate this point, suppose that a defeatist government seemed on the point of emerging in Saigon and that Washington, convinced of the importance of holding the 17th parallel, were to forestall the new government's assumption of power. One can imagine the howls of indignation of all those in the non-Communist countries who, blind to the bitter realities of our international jungle, refuse to recognize the jungle law by which one must live if one wants to live at all; the law which, in the interest of peace, obliges all parties in the cold war to forestall or undo assaults on the status quo that threaten to tilt the balance of power against them. President Eisenhower recognized this in 1956 when he permitted Moscow to suppress a popular revolution in Hungary that might well have set off an anti-Soviet rebellion throughout Eastern Europe. Premier Khrushchev recognized it when President Kennedy compelled him to renounce his attempt to upset the balance of power by placing missiles in Cuba. If, therefore, President Johnson were no longer able at some future moment to maintain that the United States is in Vietnam at the invitation of its people, he could still invoke the bitter law of life recognized as valid by Washington in 1956 and Moscow in 1962.

These stern facts are what we must respect, not "the great passion, great feeling, and great emotion" aroused by the U.S. policy in Vietnam. This policy is based on a calculation of how withdrawal or continued defense in South Vietnam will affect the peace of the world. Those who denounce the policy would do well to make the calculation themselves and consider whether they would be equally ready with their answer if they had to bear the responsibility borne by the man who will be called to account by history.

Uncle Dan's Feud With the Albany Newspapers

JONATHAN KAPSTEIN

ALBANY

An Albany County grand jury celebrated the winter solstice last December 21 by issuing a report criticizing this city's afternoon newspaper, the *Knickerbocker News*, for "irresponsible" reporting. The report was only the most recent act of harassment in a long-standing feud between local politicians and the Albany newspapers.

Open warfare has been running for about six years between the weakening Democratic machine and the city's two dailies, the *Knickerbocker News* and the *Times-Union*, both Hearst-owned, mildly conservative, and politically independent. While the newspapers rely on their power to expose civic irregularities through investigative articles and critical editorials, the politicians not only withhold legal advertising but even encourage county grand juries to investigate the newspapers and their reporters. Gene Robb, publisher of both papers, protested to a grand jury as long ago as May, 1963, that newsmen had been called before grand juries three times in less than a year—eight staff members of the two papers had made a total of nineteen appearances. "Within my thirty-five years as a newspaperman," Robb said, "I have never heard of a comparable situation anywhere in the United States."

The Creaking Machine

Albany has been under the machine rule of Daniel (Uncle Dan) O'Connell since 1921. In its heyday the machine probably would have ignored the local press attacks. But the machine is now forty-six years old and Uncle Dan is eighty-one and both are cranky. O'Connell appears officially in public just once a year, at the annual Democratic Committee meeting in Albany's Polish Community Center, where the committeemen demonstrate their loyalty by re-electing him county chairman in a matter of seconds.

The Democratic organization is weakening because of spreading reform sentiment and because the city's merchants and homeowners, once wooed by the low real-estate tax rate even though it meant minimal services, no longer give the machine solid support. Some of the merchants are new and reform-minded, others represent national chains and have no local loyalty, and still others view the decaying downtown with apprehension and see the party doing little about it.

The machine has failed to win the support of an increasingly large Negro population, and its standbys —the older generation of Irish, Polish, and Italian Catholic working-class voters—are dying off, while their children, swept along in the upward mobility of the American economy, are moving to the suburbs or simply shifting their allegiance. The county Board of Supervisors rejected Federal anti-poverty funds for two years because it feared that it would mean surrendering patronage to outside bureaucrats. It delayed other Federal programs because the required city matching funds would have had to be financed in large part through real-estate tax increases, thus alienating property owners. As a result, until last month Albany remained the largest metropolitan area in the nation not participating in the anti-poverty war. Then the regional headquarters of the Office of Economic Opportunity finally bypassed the machine and on February 5 started channeling funds for adult education and job training into the area through public-service, charitable, religious, and social-action groups, many of them tacitly allied with political-reform groups.

Further evidence of the party's weakened control was exposed last November when Daniel E. Button,

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executive editor of the *Times-Union*, successfully ran as a Republican-Liberal-fusion candidate for U.S. Representative against Richard J. Connors, Democratic president of the Albany Common Council. Button's winning margin of 17,000 votes presented a stunning contrast to the preceding Congressional election, when the Democrats rolled up a plurality of 88,000. Button had the support of dozens of social-action groups and of the Albany Independend Movement, a reform group with a large percentage of college teachers and students.

THE ORGANIZATION, however, still has a tight command of most local affairs, with the power to chastise its enemies, including the Albany press. In 1961, the city and county administrations withdrew legal notices and legal advertising from the *Knickerbocker News* and the *Times-Union*, which according to some estimates, lost the papers $250,000 to $300,000 a year. Two small-town papers now carry all of this advertising.

But the machine's best weapon is Albany County's grand-jury system as guided by John T. Garry II, who has been district attorney since 1958. The machine's grip on the grand juries was demonstrated after the 1965 elections, when clergymen, civil-rights organizations, and the Albany Independent Movement charged that votes had been bought widely for $5 each. The state Attorney General, Republican Louis J. Lefkowitz, conducted an investigation and found widespread evidence of fraud. But Lefkowitz had no power to indict or prosecute in a local case and turned his findings over to Garry for presentation to a grand jury. In May the jury reported that it had found no evidence of vote fraud in the 1965 balloting.

Under pressure from the newspapers, civic groups, and Albany clergymen, the grand jury undertook another electoral-fraud inquiry after last fall's elections. Garry announced on December 15 that if anyone had "direct evidence" of vote buying, his office would prosecute "both giver and receiver," a formula almost certain to discourage the production of any conclusive evidence. The newspapers called in vain for the appearance of politicians from the South End and Arbor Hill sections, crowded blocks of brick tenements where vote buying might be expected to be most prevalent. On February 1, the grand jury heard the testimony of Harry Vodery, a regional director for the NAACP who had said in a public statement that he had been offered $5 for his vote at an Albany polling place and had thrown the money on the ground. The jury has been meeting about every two weeks for half a day since December and reform groups accuse it of stalling.

These vote probes had antecedents in a 1938 investigation by Governor Herbert H. Lehman, which resulted in 174 convictions mainly because county officials played little or no part in the investigation, and a 1943-1945 probe called by Governor Thomas E. Dewey, which was conducted through a local grand jury and got nowhere. Dewey's special investigator charged that the grand-jury system "was so contrived as to ensure that the judicial system could be made to serve the machine's purpose as the occasions arose." State investigations into allegations of scandals in Albany's civil-service system and the county's purchasing practices in 1960 and 1962-1964 also produced considerable evidence. Again the grand jury found no cause for action.

In 1964, the state Supreme Court's Appellate Division, after prodding from Citizens United Reform Effort (CURE), increased the size of the

panel from which grand jurors are drawn and changed the selection methods. CURE had found twenty-four Democrats and two Republicans on the Albany grand jury, a disproportionately larger number of city than rural and suburban residents of the county, and among the city dwellers (locally called "Albanians") a great many from four of the organization's old faithful wards. Members of CURE hailed the lengthening of the grand-jury rolls as the beginning of the end for Uncle Dan, but they were overoptimistic.

The 1966-1967 grand jury that turned its investigatory powers on the newspapers was composed, to be sure, of a broader sampling of city dwellers—saleswomen, a bank official, a garage owner, a utilities official, a businessman or two. But judging by its performance to date, it is still responsive to the political machine, which has a ward-by-ward, precinct-by-precinct knowledge of residents, based on diligent work by runners, heelers, and captains.

The Bunch Affair

The spark for the latest clash between the newspapers and the politicians was an October 14 *Knickerbocker News* editorial about a local civil-rights matter. The editorial, written by Executive Editor Robert G. Fichenburg, called for an investigation by state officials—"not the usual whitewash by Albany officials or by an Albany County grand jury"—into the arrest of a young Negro civil-rights worker, George Bunch.

Bunch, an instructor at Albany Junior College, had been jailed without bail and ordered held for mental examination after slapping a twelve-year-old white girl during a disturbance at a social-action neighborhood house. Bunch was a director of the South End Neighborhood Community Action Project, a volunteer organization whose funding by Federal anti-poverty money was opposed by the local politicians. The project's aims had aroused the suspicion of the O'Connell organization, to which all such groups appeared to be engaged in political reform as well as social aid.

According to a statement Bunch gave the newspapers, he was working at the neighborhood house on October 4 when the girl, Dorothy Schipano, caused a disturbance and then called him "Blackie" after refusing to leave the premises. "Without thinking," he slapped her. Bunch said he then went to the girl's parents and apologized. He left the home with the impression that the matter had been settled amicably—in fact, he thought he had enlisted the girl's father, a city fireman, to help operate a children's program.

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Several days later, the father, Anthony Schipano, swore out a warrant for Bunch's arrest. That action followed a conference over the incident between Erastus Corning II, mayor for a quarter century, and Justice Michael V. Tepedino, who was to preside at the arraignment. The newspapers soon found out about the conference and pointed out editorially that it was improper for a presiding magistrate to consult with anyone on what to do with a man even before a warrant was issued.

Bunch, accompanied by a reporter, turned himself in on October 7, and Tepedino ordered him held without bail for mental examination—an unusual proceeding in a misdemeanor charge of third-degree assault. On Monday, October 10, State Supreme Court Justice T. Paul Kane ordered Bunch released on a habeas corpus motion by Bunch's lawyer, declaring that he did not believe in "holding a man without bail on a misdemeanor charge."

FOUR DAYS later, the *Knickerbocker News* ran its "whitewash" editorial, "Let's Get at the Truth in the Bunch Case." It said that "the handling of the case of George Bunch . . . raises some disturbing questions that are so serious they deserve a public airing by the highest qualified public agencies. . . . Not only George Bunch's constitutional rights are at stake. Yours are, too."

The grand jury on November 15 did begin an investigation—into the paper's reporting of the case. In addition to Fichenburg and Robb, the jury summoned the editorial-page editor, the assistant editorial-page editor, the news editor, and the city editor.

Fichenburg, when called to testify on December 8, told the grand jurors why the newspaper had used the term "whitewash" to describe grand-jury probes in the county. His explanation was full of illustrative cases, including those of Samuel Clark and Edward Swietnicki.

Clark, a Stamford, Connecticut, postman and a Negro, had charged in 1962 that he had been beaten in an Albany police station. "The result," Fichenburg told the grand jury, "was a public hearing whose chief purpose, in my opinion, seemed to be to discredit the accuser, rather than to determine what actually had happened." A subsequent grand-jury probe into the Clark charges had resulted not in action against the police but in an indictment for second-degree perjury—irrelevantly

enough against a reporter for the *Knickerbocker News,* Swietnicki, now business-news writer for the paper. It wasn't until after Swietnicki had been subpoenaed six times by the district attorney and had testified three times before the grand jury that his trial took place. He was acquitted.

At that time Fichenburg had written a column headed "Swietnicki Case: A Battle for Truth," in which he had noted: "The basic issue is this: The attempt by a powerful, entrenched political machine to harass and intimidate a newspaper and its reporters in an effort to discourage public disclosure of any story that might not reflect favorably on the machine. Any newspaper that caves in under this type of threat betrays its public trust."

No Kind of Fault or Flaw

While Fichenburg and the other editors were being subpoenaed in the Bunch case, the newspaper—on the advice of counsel—made a strategic withdrawal. On December 9, a small box headed "A Clarification" appeared on an inside page, stating that the "whitewash" editorial "was not meant to imply that any members of any present or previous grand jury had committed a crime. In fact no such thought was in the mind of the editor, who wrote the editorial."

Nevertheless, on January 18, the day that the Bunch case was to reopen, the paper reprinted in full on its editorial page an article from the *Albany Law School Review* by Arthur Harvey, an Albany lawyer and head of the area chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. In dry legal prose, all the sharper for its precision, Harvey cited the legal precedents and concluded: "It would seem, in absence of any record of any facts before the judge, or the making of a record that Judge Tepedino had no right to commit the defendant for examination. . . . Under the basic safeguards of the Constitution given to the defendant, any dialogue privately held between the mayor and the judge prior to arraignment and arrest could not be properly used as evidence of past facts upon which the judge could proceed. No record was made of such conversation and certainly it violates the basic principles of criminal law to have information given to a judge prior to arrest and arraignment upon which he could make a decision, no matter how proper it may be, or how valid the decision may be."

The next day, when Bunch appeared for sentencing, Albany County Court Judge Martin Schenk reduced the charge to disorderly conduct. Bunch pleaded guilty and Schenk suspended sentencing "in the interest of justice."

Bunch, who was fired from his job as community-action supervisor on November 30 because anti-poverty leaders felt that the controversy had impaired his usefulness, told me recently that he credited the *Times-Union* news story on his arrest with bringing out 250 Russell Sage College students in a protest demonstration against his jailing. Russell Sage runs Albany Junior College, where Bunch is teaching a social-action course. "As far as I'm concerned, the grand jury that called Fichenburg and the others certainly whitewashed my case. They should have called the mayor and Judge Tepedino. Those papers saved my career."

After the latest look into the newspaper's reporting techniques, the grand jury issued a report on

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December 21 that was reprinted in full in both Albany dailies:

"The citizens of Albany County have a right to know that the editorial of October 14, 1966, published in the *Knickerbocker News,* which castigated the officers of Albany County and the grand jurors of this county, was written without any basis of fact or evidence and was completely false," the report said. ". . . Such forms of journalism are a threat to one of our basic constitutional rights. . . . The grand jury system is a proven, basic protection afforded to citizens and we uphold the system at all times."

The report, legally called a presentment, has raised eyebrows among private lawyers and attorneys in state government. Under state law, a presentment is issued against public officials and generally is followed by an instruction to the public prosecutor to issue an indictment. However, one of District Attorney Garry's assistants recently admitted privately that in the three years since the legislature restored the right to grand juries to issue presentments, this was the first one he had seen. In fact, he could not remember any presentment against a public official, not to mention one against a private organization. The grand jury justified its action on the ground that a newspaper is a public service—an argument many lawyers found dubious.

THE HARASSMENT of the press in Albany may go on for a while, but like the machine of Uncle Dan O'Connell it is an anachronism. More than two centuries after John Peter Zenger was tried and acquitted in New York Colony for seditious libel because he published polemics about loaded ballot boxes, Albany reporters face the threat of subpoenas and the investigation of grand juries when they write about vote-fraud charges and other alleged scandals in the state capital. But there is no sign that they are fazed by such pressures. Bob Fichenburg, in fact, is all the more determined for his repeated appearances before grand juries. "What we are fighting for," he said recently, "is the right to print the news and the right to comment."

The New Mini-States Of the Caribbean

WINTHROP P. CARTY and NICHOLAS RAYMOND

IN THE WAKE of a receding British Empire, mini-states are bobbing up in the Caribbean basin. Four already have emerged as independent nations in this decade: Jamaica and Trinidad-Tobago in 1962, Guyana (formerly British Guiana) and Barbados in 1966. For lack of a workable or acceptable alternative, others seem destined to follow, not only from the British colonial territories but from the Dutch and perhaps the French as well.

By March 3, the British Leeward and Windward islands of Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla, and St. Lucia will have become Associated States of the United Kingdom, a status that leaves only defense and foreign affairs in British hands and gives each island the unilateral right to declare complete independence whenever it chooses to do so. Association, it is important to note, does not mean federation. Each island is individually associated with Britain.

Still another Windward island, St. Vincent, will get association status when it irons out an internal political problem. British Honduras on the Central American isthmus, and Surinam, the Netherlands' dependency in South America, can sever ties with the motherlands at their own convenience, and both are prime candidates for nationhood in the next few years.

"Every country finally becomes independent," Surinam's Minister-President Johan A. Pengel notes. "It would be an ostrich policy if we didn't see this reality." The question of what constitutes a country need not bother Pengel or prosperous Surinam, but it may have more relevance in other places in the years to come.

Americans have paid little attention to the emerging Caribbean nations, partly because the islands' tourist-poster image only enhances the view that there is something ludicrous in the mini-state concept, but also because of the unabrasive way in which independence has been achieved—almost entirely without slogans, battles, or martyrs. Apart from Guyana, where the Marxist ex-Prime Minister Cheddi B. Jagan still stands menacingly in the wings, there have been no powerful leftist cults or leaders to elicit headlines in the United States.

"The imperial presence was never so directly felt that the people saw they had something to fight," Barbadian Prime Minister Errol Barrow says. "Everyone is for independence now that it has happened, but it was an act of political leadership, not a spontaneous national expression." Barrow won only a thin government majority last year on an independence platform. His party would not have won at all had it not been for an archaic electoral system that is soon to be revised.

Barbados, nonetheless, saw its azure-and-gold flag with trident symbol raised in front of the United Nations in December as the 122nd member. Barbadians don't much like the mini-state label. They have a reasonably healthy economy, a literate and vigorous people, and a long history of internal self-rule. And, as one minister noted, Barbados has "more people than Iceland."

The Balance Sheet

The Barbadian independence experience is not dissimilar to the experiences of the other new nations of the Caribbean and the island and mainland territories that are on the verge of nationhood. Postwar governments in London quickly recognized that the end of colonialism meant withdrawal from the Caribbean, which in any case had long been a financial burden.

The Colonial Office started with a tidy plan for nearly complete disengagement. The Leeward and Windward Islands, which form a half-moon stretching from Puerto Rico to Venezuela, were to be linked

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in a West Indies Federation with the three larger islands that have viable economies—Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados. British Guiana and Honduras could either join the rest or go it alone once their border disputes with mainland neighbors were settled. The Federation was launched in 1958, but the island leaders quickly fell to bickering over taxation, trade, and representation in the federated government. When Jamaica, the most populous member with 1.8 millions, dropped out in 1961 and Trinidad, the richest, followed in 1962, the Federation was dead.

The two larger islands won complete independence in 1962, and Britain's relations with the smaller members were rewired in a series of constitutional conferences. The result is the new association status.

Unloading Guiana was more difficult. Under Jagan's rule, the colony was constantly on the edge of civil war between the Negro and East Indian populations. It was also, to Washington's dismay, openly allying itself with the Castro government. By using independence as a lever, London forced Jagan to accept a colonial election under rules that ensured his defeat. Negro moderate Forbes Burnham became Prime Minister, and independence was hastily granted.

With the Bahamas and Montserrat destined to remain colonies for the time being, British Honduras is the only unfinished business. Its Prime Minister, George Price, is committed to independence and Britain is only waiting for settlement of a century-old territorial dispute with Guatemala before granting it.

The Netherlands does not share Britain's desire to jettison its New World possessions. The Hague's stated policy toward Surinam and the Netherlands Antilles—Curaçao, Aruba, Bonaire, St. Maarten, Saba, and St. Eustatius—is to put no obstacle in the path of independence, but not to encourage it either. Surinam has complete internal autonomy, and while Minister-President Pengel says he wants freedom, he doesn't say when. Like most Caribbean leaders, he is pulling his people rather than being pushed by them.

France thus is the only European power still determined to hold onto its Caribbean property—French Guiana in South America and the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. After Communist agitation in the 1940's and the 1950's, Paris poured in money to improve conditions and maintain loyalty. Both islands have populations in excess of 300,000 and could easily aspire to independence, particularly if some post-de Gaulle government should lose interest in their problems. For the immediate future, however, they remain Overseas Departments of France, culturally as well as politically tied to Paris and overwhelmingly Gaullist at the polls.

THE CARIBBEAN balance sheet, then, shows four new nations, two almost certain to achieve independence in the next few years, five Associated States that can attain independence at any time, and half a dozen territories (nominally including Puerto Rico) whose final status is left for future resolution. If Pengel is correct, as he probably is,

that status is likely to be independence in most cases.

As the United Nations has long known, there is no way to define what constitutes a nation if an assertion of independence goes uncontested. The Maldive Islands, four hundred miles southwest of Ceylon, have fewer than 100,000 inhabitants spread over more than two thousand islands, but they boast a flag and U.N. membership. Barbados has 260,000 inhabitants, or about the same as Staten Island. Antigua, the smallest of the Associated States, has 61,700, and the Associated States together have only half a million.

The worst possible turn of events, at least in Washington's view, would be the proliferation of new nations out of the association treaties, but this is by no means unlikely. U.S. newspapers have referred to the association status as "a new colonial relationship." Insofar as colonialism implies control, that is not correct. The islands are now masters of their destinies, and Britain's continuing role in defense and foreign affairs is a favor rather than a privilege.

But the Associated States will not leave pertinent foreign dealings to the Commonwealth Relations Office in London. Affairs between the Caribbean states, with Canada, and with the United States obviously will require direct contact. And defense of the Caribbean is no longer a British but a U.S. concern. "We have," Antiguan Prime Minister V. C. Bird says pointedly, "all the independence we want for the time being."

London's influence is really a matter of economic leverage, and there is not much of that. British aid to the islands last year amounted to about $28 million, half in a sugar-price subsidy and half in direct grants. Association will not necessarily bring a drop in aid, but the islands require more than Britain is providing and there is no assurance that even the present level will continue. "One has to be realistic," Sir John Carter, Guyanese ambassador in Washington, cautions. "The British are not in a position to give much help." The sugar subsidy is liable to be scrapped after the present agreement runs out in 1971. The sugar market is not stable in any case, and most of the islands are looking anxiously to cotton and other substitute crops.

Centripetal and Centrifugal

The West Indian nations, near nations, and colonies have enough similarities to give a deceptive look of cohesiveness. They share the English language. A University of the West Indies has campuses in Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados. A combined West Indies cricket team is one of the most feared in the world. A Caribbean Free Trade Association, although mostly on paper, ties Guyana, Barbados, and Antigua. All have a long tradition of parliamentary rule and—now that the aging Sir Alexander Bustamante has retired in favor of Prime Minister Donald Sangster following their close victory in the Jamaican elections—all have gifted young leaders. Most are London-trained Socialists whose machine is a labor party. Prime Minister V. C. Bird, for example, is president of the Antiguan Trades and Labor Organization; without a card it is impossible to work and in Antigua one is told to "See V.C."

These islands are strangely hybrid:

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Ethnically, the people belong to the African-Asian world; linguistically and culturally, they lean to Britain; geographically, they are surrounded by older and larger Spanish-American nations. In terms of power relations, British withdrawal leaves them more than ever in the back yard of the United States.

These circumstances should give them a sense of unity, and Forbes Burnham of Guyana speaks fondly of developing a "Caribbean personality." But other factors, such as those which killed federation five years ago, still endure. The territorial imperative works strongly here, and island identity is great. In mid-February, for example, Anguillans demonstrated in favor of colonial status because they fear associated status will mean domination by the more populous neighboring island of St. Kitts. Communications are nonexistent or inadequate, and distances are a barrier. Two thousand miles of open water separate British Honduras and Guyana, and Jamaica is twelve hundred miles from Barbados. The Negroes on the islands have little seafaring or trading tradition—and for that matter, not much to trade. The smaller islands greatly fear becoming the dumping grounds for high-cost and shoddy goods produced in the larger ones. Moreover, the Caribbean personality that Burnham speaks of is based on the English language, tacitly excluding neighbors who speak Spanish, French, or Dutch.

For more than two years, the way had been open for Jamaica and Trinidad-Tobago to join the Organization of American States, but they never formally applied. Their tentative steps taken in this direction shortly after they gained independence were lost in OAS legalisms that may have smacked of racial bias to the sensitive islanders.

When Prime Minister Barrow of Barbados, one of the most dynamic of the island leaders, announced his intention to make the bid for OAS membership, he set the process in motion again. Prime Minister Eric Williams of Trinidad, who hates to be second in anything, jumped in with a formal application that was accepted on February 23. This might also bring in Canada; the Canadians, who make much of the old cod-for-rum trade, acknowledge a special responsibility toward the emerging Caribbean nations.

The United States wants the Caribbean nations to join and is trying to allay Latin-American fears of an English-speaking bloc. Washington knows that the new nations will need financial help, and OAS membership would qualify them for aid under the Alliance for Progress. The OAS tie would also put their foreign policies in a familiar arena, both hemispherically and at the United Nations, which specifically recognizes the rights of regional organizations to settle local squabbles.

Meanwhile, other steps are being taken to support the stability of the islands. United States, British, and Canadian officials met in Antigua last November to launch a tripartite study on east Caribbean economic problems. The large U.S. delegation was headed by Lincoln Gordon, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Plans were drawn up for an East Caribbean Development Bank with an initial cash backing of $20 million from the three sponsors. The bank probably will include the four independent nations, but its real purpose from Washington's viewpoint is to help the Associated States decide that complete independence is not worth the bother. Washington has not yet formally announced the plan because negotiations are still going on over cost sharing. It is generally assumed that the United States will be called on for the lion's share, although Congressional approval may be a problem.

Who'll Mind the Store?

The rising United States influence is shown not only in the steps taken toward financial support but also in emigration figures. The islands, greatly overpopulated, must export surplus labor, and recent restrictive measures have cut emigration to Britain in half. Under the new U.S. immigration law, hemisphere nations are not subject to immigration quotas. Representative Michael Feighan (D., Ohio), in a report to Congress, drew attention to some of the results: the number of immigrants from Jamaica was 1,700 in 1965 but jumped to 2,900 in the first six months of 1966, while Trinidadians increased from 419 to 809. The figures are still relatively small, but the rate of increase is large and is growing each month. The United States law also greatly increased the number of immigrants permitted from non-independent Caribbean states, and West Indians are streaming in. Barbados officials estimate that there are thirty thousand Barbadians in New York City alone.

In considering what the proliferation of mini-states in the Caribbean means for the United States, it is useful to note that they are coming to birth in the same strategic waters that lap the shores of Cuba, Haiti, Panama, and the Dominican Republic, where political storms can be far more dangerous than hurricanes. The Leeward and Windward Islands guard the eastern approach to the Caribbean. Old cannon remain for their historical interest, but their role has been taken over by tracking stations and underwater detection devices, euphemistically called "oceonographic research stations."

The Dominican intervention made it clear that the United States will not accept "another Cuba." British troops were used to check Cheddi Jagan in Guiana, and when rioting erupted in Martinique in 1959, France was about to dispatch troops from Brest (the riots were quelled before they were actually sent). Who will send the troops in the future?

Prime Minister Barrow of Barbados says that "The United States is not so crazy as to intervene in a Commonwealth nation." But a Washington officials's reaction to such a question was guarded: "We just hope we are never faced with the situation."

A score of tiny independent states unable to feed themselves or provide jobs for swelling populations, dependent on a largely seasonal and fickle tourist flow to earn foreign exchange for imports, and of uncertain political maturity, are a haunting specter. As yet, this is a threat rather than a reality. The islands are wonderful places to visit, with new tourist hotels sprouting like cabbage palms. But European withdrawal will leave a vacuum that the United States, ready or not, will be forced to fill.

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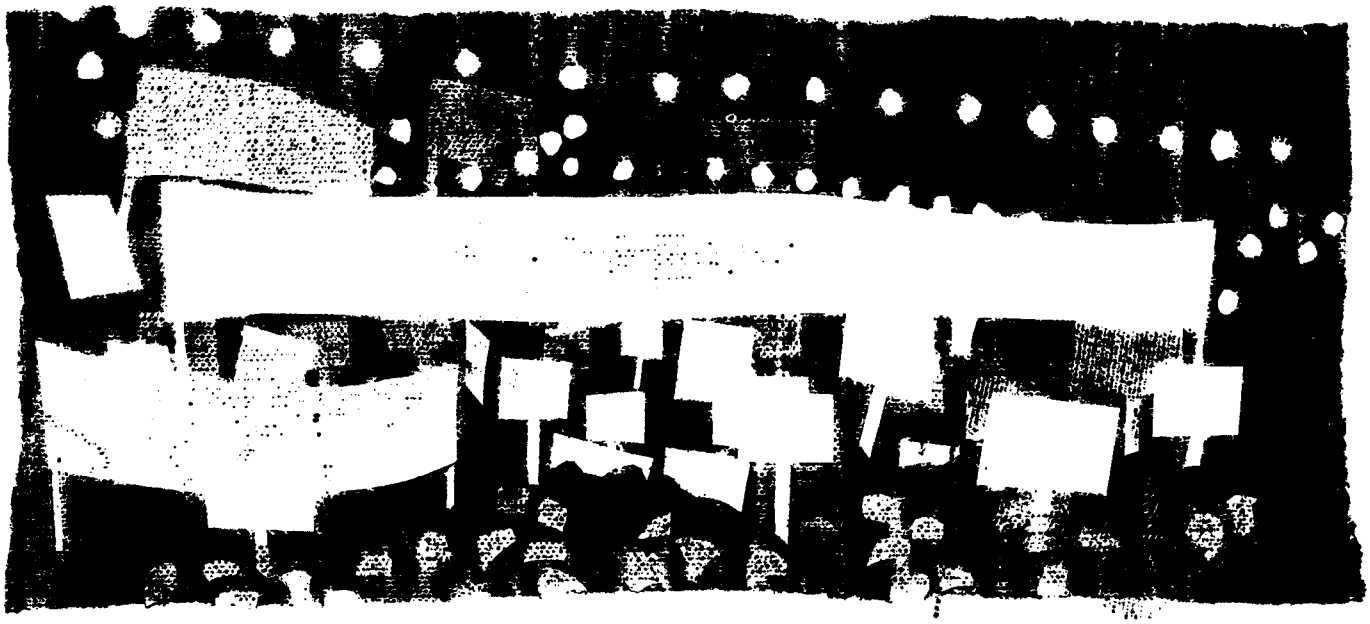

A Family Affair

DAVID McGEE

"WANTED—one scapegoat by the Democratic Party to be Senatorial candidate . . . ," read a newspaper editorial that appeared throughout the state of Wyoming early in 1958. "Democratic leaders . . . are seeking a man who will run a responsible race, yet will be no great loss to the Party when he is defeated . . . The name most frequently mentioned is that of history professor Gale W. McGee . . ."

In January of 1958, we—the family of Gale McGee—lived in a small, slightly deteriorating house in Laramie. Dad was Professor of History and Current Affairs at the respectably archaic University of Wyoming; Mother was pregnant for the fourth time. At fifteen, my worst problem was helping to care for my eleven-year-old brother Robert and my four-year-old sister Mary. It was always "David, I need you to help me today." (A mother who is pregnant is not the easiest person to live with.)

There had been talk for several years that Dad would make an able Democratic candidate if the right opportunity presented itself. In February, when he was asked whether he would run for the Senate, he said: "At the start of the present school year, I assumed an obligation to teach a full academic load. . . . Beyond the end of the second semester there is sufficient time to make my intentions known." But he was not aware then that the university had other plans for him.

Several weeks earlier, in addressing a state convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, he had told the ancestor-worshiping ladies, "It is a matter of record that a majority of the soldiers in the American Revolutionary War deserted . . . before their terms of service were up." Unsurprisingly, the university received a good many letters denouncing the subversive Professor McGee. But its breaking point did not come until Dad suggested to his Current Affairs class that "What more colleges should do is bring to the campus a real live Communist. Let the students look at him, talk with him, argue with him. Then, perhaps, they will know what it is they are against."

In a more cosmopolitan atmosphere, this proposition would have been received as one idea among many. But in Wyoming it was regarded as just a step removed from treason. After a flood of mail from outraged parents, the university found what it believed was a reasonable solution: it terminated Dad's teaching contract. He was now free to enter politics, though with three children and a pregnant wife to support he was in danger of becoming the first senatorial candidate to emerge from the welfare rolls. From that time on, we dined on macaroni and cheese three nights a week.

ONCE the party's ticket was settled on, the Democratic candidates—all but one of them political unknowns—were paired off to stump the state together. Dad's partner was to be the candidate for governor, J. J. Hickey, a gentleman who would have been far more at ease as a Republican—except that in 1958 it was not the "in" thing to be, what with vicuna coats, Executive indecision, and the recession. His wife could never quite understand how a woman of her position—she was a

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member of a sheep-ranching dynasty —had been thrown headfirst into the muck of an election campaign. She once confessed that she had never found her way into a voting booth. Perhaps she mistrusted its resemblance to an outhouse.

One night that spring, the Hickeys came to our house for dinner—it was one of our macaroni-and-cheese nights—so that Dad and Mr. Hickey might map some plans for the summer's campaign. During dessert, Mrs. Hickey silently rose from the table and began prowling about the house. "You have no television!" she finally cried in disappointment.

Mother explained apologetically that reception was poor in Laramie. (She didn't mention that we'd sold the set we had.) "Then we simply must go back to the hotel," Mrs. Hickey declared. "Come along, Jay-Jay. This is Thursday, you know, and I wouldn't miss *Ozzie and Harriet* for the world." And she barged out of the house, her husband obediently trailing behind her.

Fortunately, neither his slate-mate nor the slate-mate's mate is as important to a candidate as his campaign manager. A manager must be a leader who is at the same time willing to follow; he needs the ruthless drive of a drill sergeant, as well as a vivid imagination and the ability to boost morale during those frequent ebbs in the tide. Above all, he must be sensitive to the slightest shifts in public opinion.

But these are the attributes of the *ideal* campaign manager. The man Dad selected to be his manager had operated a wholesale tire-and-rubber company in Cheyenne. This was his first campaign, too, and he tried to organize it exactly as he would a business—that is, in a practical manner, which, in Wyoming politics at least, often proves to be the height of impracticability.

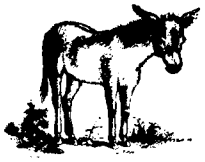
"We have a surefire, built-in gimmick here," he said to me one day when he had nothing better to do.

"What gimmick is that?" I asked, surprised even to be talking with him.

"Why, I mean your mother's going to have a baby, of course. Couldn't have been timed better. Ties your father in with the loving family-man image, God and motherhood, and all that schmaltz. Why do you think the announcement has been scheduled for the same day the kid is due? What news coverage we'd receive if your mother were to be hauled out in agony right in the midst of the announcement dinner!"

It was the one and only time I felt sorry for Dad's opponent, the incumbent Senator Frank A. Barrett. The Senator was sixty-five and a widower, and, despite his first-name relationship with President Eisenhower, he was at an obvious disadvantage in at least one area.

On June 7, five hundred Democrats from all over Wyoming gathered in Laramie to pay ten dollars to hear the announcement they all had known for months was going to be made, receiving a dinner of fried chicken and cole slaw into the bargain. (Fried chicken was to become



the staple of our diet for the next five months.)

In the car on the way to the Elks Club, we all had the air of the condemned on the last mile. Only the manager was mumbling away about what a historic night this would be.

"How about it, Loraine?" he asked Mother. "Is it going to be tonight? I'm counting on you to come through with a gorgeous exit."

"God, I hope so," Mother moaned, "for *both* our sakes."

Inside the hall, there was a three-man band that struck up "Happy Days Are Here Again." Floating near the ceiling was a cluster of a dozen red, white, and blue balloons, donated by a local shoestore and carrying the promise "Kids Will Walk on Air in Buster Brown's." Even the food was good—the best cold chicken I had ever tasted. But ostensibly, the purpose of an announcement dinner is the announcement itself.

"Nearly twenty years ago," Dad began, "when I started my teaching career as an instructor of public speaking, the first rule I taught my students was to build up suspense in a speech. Tonight, I am going to break that rule by declaring at the outset my intention of running for the United States Senate."

Whistles and cheers. Standing ovation. Somebody tossed a fork through the balloons, and the band went into a tuneless accompaniment.

"I have been asked what it is I believe in. I believe in the two-party system. Both our political parties are honorable; both seek the security of our country; both believe in people."

More cheers. In the back of the room, a man climbed onto a table and began to lead "fifteen for McGee." The table collapsed under his weight, sending him crashing to the floor in an assortment of broken dishes and pieces of chicken.

"The men directing the policies of this nation . . . were educated fifty years ago, by teachers trained ten to twenty years before that. . . . Today we need young minds in Washington."

Following every few sentences of the speech, the crowd roared and leaped to its feet. Mother, of course, felt she was obliged to do likewise (she had yet to learn that politicans' wives are not always expected to be polite) and slowly hoisted herself up each time. "Let's get the old girl to stand up one more time," you could almost hear the Democrats thinking. "Maybe we can get our money's worth out of this clambake yet!"

I was pleased that Mother had the sense of decency to wait two more days before giving birth to our second little sister. But Dad's manager felt we had lost the first important battle of the campaign and went off to sulk in the bar.

Though Dad's opponent, Senator Barrett, was a lawyer by profession he was a rancher at heart. On the one hand, he opposed any increase in the power of the Federal government, and on the other cried "Foul!" whenever there was a threat to cut crop subsidies or oil-depletion allowances. This double standard of the stockmen was one of the first targets of attack in the opening days of Dad's campaign.

The townspeople of Wyoming, though far more numerous than the ranchers, had never doubted their wisdom, following meekly whatever decisions they rendered. Thus when

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Dad observed that a United States Senator has an obligation to *all* his constituents, not just a small minority, the first battle lines of 1958 were clearly drawn.

In earlier campaigns, the Democratic candidate had always confined himself to a strip in the southern part of the state—the Democratic South, it was called. Here four of the five largest towns in Wyoming are located along the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad. But three-quarters of Wyoming, in both territory and population, lies to the north. Dad decided to act on his manager's judgment that there was a silent minority of Democrats in the Republican North just waiting to be encouraged.

He had told me earlier, "Whatever else this campaign produces, I want it to have a lasting effect on you and Robert. There are several things, other than sex, that a person cannot learn in school"—a jocular allusion to our disastrous attempts at man-to-man talks. The campaign, then, was to be a family affair. For the first month, Dad gave Mother time off, and I did all the driving so that Dad could work on his speeches between stops.

Wherever we went, Robert and I, who had never been very good friends, were assigned the tasks of tacking up placards on telephone poles and fence posts, and handing around "McGee for Me" buttons, matches, and bumper stickers at rallies, as well as tagging along with Dad on his Main Street handshaking missions. We went through a lot together, including the day we were nearly strung up by a vigilance committee in the town of Superior.

Superior was once the coal-mining center of Wyoming, but by 1958 it was the nearest thing to a ghost town I had ever seen. Its only hint of life was two bars, one at each end of the desolate main street.

When we arrived, Dad went immediately to confer with the deputy sheriff, his chief organizer in the area. Without having to be told, Robert and I grabbed a staple gun and a package of five hundred posters and were putting up yet another "Gale McGee Will Build Wyoming *in the United States Senate*" sign when two men approached us from the rear and, seizing us roughly by the shoulders, dragged us into the bar nearby and threw us up against a wall. Somewhere a radio was turned on full volume. In the dim light we could barely see several old men seated at wooden tables. The bar-

tender snatched our remaining posters and demanded to know our names.

I told him as calmly as I could. "Call me George!" he bellowed. "Who told you to put them posters up?"

The sheriff's deputy had given us permission, we answered, though in fact he had not.

"That bastard don't know nothin'!" George yelled, and began to tear the posters up.

In the background the radio blared: "Re-elect Experience, Seniority, Integrity. Frank A. Barrett is *your* man in Washington."

"We don't set much store in folks coming in here telling us how we gotta vote," George was saying. "Know what we do with city folks around here? We take 'em down to the old hotel where there's a nice big beam in the lobby, and we have ourselves a little necktie party."

"You're always funnin' around, George," said one old man. "George-here's just funnin' you, boys."

George was *not* smiling.

Happily for us, at that moment Dad and the deputy sheriff entered the room. The torn posters were kicked behind the bar, the men began laughing and joking among themselves, and George said with a broad grin, "Have a beer, Sheriff."

Outside on the street, the deputy said, "Glad you boys had a chance to meet good old George. He's the pride of the town these days. Spent ten years in the state pen for shooting his son in a fight over a woman, but he's a reformed man now. Regrets his past like hell."

WHEN Mother joined us in July, it seemed best to remain for a time in the "friendly" southern part of the state. And so we campaigned the length of the Union Pacific, beginning in Pine Bluffs on the Nebraska border and working westward through Cheyenne, Saratoga, Green River, Little America, and Fort Bridge. Included in the itinerary were a Fourth of July picnic where everyone got drunk and drowned out Dad's speech; an address to a group of railroad workers, following a party where the guests had been treated to all the beer they could hold; and a meeting of a Democratic committee, at which the county chairwoman was drenched by a bucket of ice water thrown by a few of her playful co-workers. All of this led Mother to observe, "Get a gang of Democrats together, and the first thing they do is get drunk."

By August we were in Casper, the seat of Natrona County and the second largest town in Wyoming. Located on the edge of a vast oil and natural-gas field, it is an affluent community and a Republican stronghold. The town's Democrats all lived in one small area called the Sandbar, situated on what had been the river bed of the North Platte. The Sandbar was once the vice capital of Wyoming, but the arrest in 1950 of a white-slave ring dealt it a blow from which it has never fully recovered—though not for lack of trying. To make a decent showing in Natrona County, a Democrat must win the Sandbar by a landslide.

When car trouble delayed our arrival in Casper, Dad and J. J. Hickey were scheduled to appear simultaneously before a group of oil workers and residents of the Sandbar at a cocktail lounge and rooming house called the Show and Tell. Since we could not afford to disappoint either constituency, Dad's campaign manager suggested that the wives of the candidates and Robert and I should go to the Sandbar as substitutes. A compromise was finally arrived at by which the innocence of at least Robert and Mrs. Hickey was preserved—they went to see Walt Disney's *Old Yeller* at the Rialto while Mother and I went off for a wild afternoon in the Sandbar.

Whatever my expectations (Mother's presence had already dampened them considerably), the Show and Tell did not measure up. It was a neat white stucco building overlooking the river. In her small apartment in the rear, the proprietress had gathered together twenty friends

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—all women, except for a thin cross-eyed Mexican who sat on the floor and periodically jumped up and ran into the kitchen for a fresh pitcher of orangeade.

Mother summarized for our audience a few of our campaign experiences, and gave the highlights of Dad's platform. "It's the personal contact, this extra reaching out to people," one of the women afterwards remarked to me, "that's going to win the election for your father."

"We'll do everything we can to help," said a second.

"Whenever we can find the time," added a third. She started to laugh, but soon checked herself.

So great was their enthusiasm that I distributed an extra-large supply of "McGee for Me" literature, which may have been a mistake, for later we heard reports of buttons and stickers showing up in some mighty strange places.

A STATEWIDE POLL indicated that fifty per cent of Wyoming's voters intended to re-elect Senator Barrett and only thirty per cent would vote for Dad. To me, the figures seemed terribly discouraging, but Dad was optimistic. "This is the first favorable omen we've had," he said. "Twenty per cent undecided means people are starting to doubt; they're studying the basic issues."

He was more worried by the fact that our campaign fund was now approaching the critical stage. When he first became a candidate, he had obtained two bank loans, one for the campaign and one to support the family, but the borrowed money was beginning to run out. His situation resembled the story line of a medieval fairy tale, except that in this story it would be a woman who would do the rescuing.

Two years earlier, Eleanor Roosevelt had visited Laramie to deliver a series of lectures at the university and had completely captivated her audiences by her warmth and graciousness. Dad had been her host and escort, and she had spent a good deal of time at our house. Now, in 1958, she was chairman of a group who called themselves the Clean Politics Appeal Crusade. Some of Dad's more pressing debts were paid when the group singled out for special assistance the Democratic senatorial candidates in California, Minnesota, and Wyoming. This was the first time I realized that there were people in this country who had money they didn't need for their own living expenses.

Other national groups now sent modest donations into Wyoming. And from within the state, Dad received endorsements and long-promised financial help from a number of organizations—chiefly the various labor unions along the Union Pacific. At last he had operating funds.

Also because of Mrs. Roosevelt's interest, several Democratic Congressmen and Senators now came to the state to campaign. One of the better known, the junior Senator from Massachusetts, made two trips to Wyoming that fall. His youthful approach to old problems had appealed to the imagination of the country for several years, but none of the Kennedy magic had caught on yet in Wyoming. "What does he know about getting his hands dirty?" the old-timers protested. "He's never had to watch as a thousand head of cattle die of thirst."

The audience was silent as Kennedy told them, "All signs indicate a Democratic sweep this November. It appears to be a national trend. Republicans across the country are discovering they have no Eisenhower coattails to ride this year."

A woman seated behind me complained: "Lord, but he should have brought an interpreter with him. Can't understand a damn word he's saying." But everyone understood when he said: "Gale McGee has a fine record, and the country needs his vigor and vitality."

Afterward, J. J. Hickey said to me, "At least your father got an endorsement out of him, but I wonder if the situation was really desperate enough for that." He had taken what he believed to be a shrewd precaution: he had remained off the platform during Kennedy's address, and had asked the Senator to make no reference to the gubernatorial race in his remarks.

THE several thousand Arapahoes on the Wind River Reservation in the mountains of Fremont County survive as best they can on some of the worst land in Wyoming. They are cheated, bullied, and abused by the other residents of the county and ignored by politicians except on Election Day, when they are openly bought with money and liquor. So moved were they that a busy man would devote special attention to them that they made a bang-up ceremony of it when they invited Dad to become an honorary member of their tribe.

Their chief, William Shakespeare Tall Bull (his name, we learned, was the result of his mother's wish to name him after a great American), escorted us from the town of Lander to a sagebrush pasture several miles away. Here other Arapahoes were already seated in a large circle around a bonfire. The women were dressed in long shifts of tanned deerskin and wore headbands of intricate beadwork. The older men were dressed in leather leggings and shirts and flaring headdresses of multicolored eagle feathers. The young men and boys were naked except for scant loincloths and feathered sashes about their waists.

Chief Tall Bull led Dad toward the fire. Mother and Robert and I joined his wife and teen-aged daughter on the sidelines. The daughter, though dressed like the rest of the women, had removed her headband so it would not disturb her elaborate hairdo. Throughout the evening, she expressed the wish that "this drag would hurry up and end." She wanted to get into town, where she had a date.

The slow, heavy beat of a single drum announced the beginning of the ceremony. The far side of the circle parted, and six old men—members of the tribal council—approached Dad. When the drum's tempo grew faster, four boys with jangling silver ornaments on their ankles and menacing lances in their hands leapt into the center of the ring and began to shriek and dance wildly around the fire. Chief Tall Bull passed among the six council members with a leather pouch containing a powdery substance. Each old man took a handful, tossed it into the air over Dad's head, and chanted an unintelligible prayer.

"They're exorcising his evil spirits," Mrs. Tall Bull told us.

One of the old men took a leather thong from his breeches and bound

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Dad's wrist to the chief's. Mrs. Tall Bull explained: "This united the two men. If it were a true ceremony, the wrists of both men would be cut, and the blood allowed to flow freely from brother to brother."

"You mean they're not going to do that?" Robert asked.

"Your father is only becoming an *honorary* Arapaho," Mrs. Tall Bull answered.

The thong was untied and the six councilors led Dad out of the ring. Mrs. Tall Bull continued her interpretation. "They're going to walk him twice around the outside of the circle. The circle is now the Sacred Mountain. He journeys around it so all our ancestors may cast their approval."

We later asked Dad how many ancestors he had bumped into on the far side of the Sacred Mountain. "They weren't too concerned about ancestors," he answered. "They just told me times are bad, and a few dollars would sure come in handy."

"You didn't give them anything, did you?" Mother asked.

"I didn't have anything to give," he said. "I left my wallet in your handbag, remember?"

INDIANS are not the only minority group in Wyoming. There are also large numbers of Mexicans who live and work in the railroad towns and in the sugar-beet country of the Big Horn Basin. Because no one had ever troubled to tell them about elections, few were even registered to vote.

The McGee for Me Clubs made concerted efforts to carry the campaign to them. And Dad announced that he would bring a busload of leading Mexicans from all the towns along the Union Pacific to the Democratic dinner in Cheyenne. This was not to be just another run-of-the-mill dinner: the featured speaker of the evening was to be the former President of the United States, Harry S. Truman.

When, that evening, Dad took Robert and me up to the President's suite in the Plains Hotel, Mr. Truman was seated in a plump upholstered chair with his feet propped up on a brown hassock, sorting a small stack of correspondence. With his jacket off, wearing bedroom slippers, and with his rimless glasses balanced precariously on the end of his nose, he looked like everybody's grandfather.

Dad sat down opposite him and the two of them began to talk in low voices. Robert and I remained standing in the doorway, afraid to sit down, afraid even to move, afraid we might violate some rule of Presidential etiquette. Mr. Truman did not seem to notice us during the remainder of our twenty-minute stay in his apartment. But we realized there wasn't very much an ex-President would have in common with two boys aged fifteen and eleven.

We were slightly mystified, though, by the change that came over him between his seventh-floor suite and the dining room downstairs. He seemed twenty years younger, smiling broadly as someone began to play "The Missouri Waltz" and people in the crowd cheered and climbed on chairs to get a better look at him. A little Mexican woman managed to break through the crowd. She was weeping as she threw her arms around Mr. Truman's neck and buried her face in his shoulder. Someone tried gently to pull her

away, but she refused to let go. Finally, he kissed her lightly on the forehead. She looked up and smiled, then quietly melted back into the crowd.

When he reached the speaker's dais, the cheering and applause kept up for a full five minutes. Someone yelled, "Give 'em hell, Harry!" Truman laughed and gave what had been his stock answer for years: "I don't *give* 'em hell. I just give 'em the truth, and it *sounds* like hell."

He then told the story of Election Night in 1948 and gave his famous imitation of H. V. Kaltenborn's commentary. The crowd went wild. When it was all over, no one could remember for certain what it was he had said. But some people thought that there had been a few words about Gale McGee.

The Barrett forces now attacked Dad for "importing top-level Democrats to help becloud the fact that it is only McGee himself who is running for office. Wyoming is not concerned with the qualifications of President Truman, of Senator Kennedy, or even of Mrs. Roosevelt. . . . And, should McGee be elected, he would receive no help from these people, for he would be at the bottom of the seniority barrel."

The Republicans had raised a valid point. The important work of the Senate is done through committees, and the newcomer is usually assigned to a low-prestige committee that is of small value to his own constituency. Senator Barrett had already spent six years in Washington. But this point was nullified by the arrival of yet another imported top-level Democrat—the Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate, Lyndon B. Johnson, who in the eyes of many Wyomingites was the ideal Senator. What they particularly liked was his homespun personality. ("A person has to work at being that down-to-earth," Dad's manager commented.) And they listened when Johnson said: "I'm here to make a deal with the voters of Wyoming . . . I want you to send Gale McGee to me in Washington. In return, I promise you that I will assign him to a committee where he will be able to best serve his state—and his country."

NOW in the last days of the campaign, new polls were taken on all the major contests. J. J. Hickey was surprised to learn that thirty-five per cent of the voters intended to cast ballots for him. The poll results of the senatorial race were more heartening: forty-five per cent for McGee —up fifteen points from the previous poll. "We're almost home free," Dad's manager's rejoiced, "and we stand a good chance of pulling most of the ten per cent Undecided vote —it's virtually all in the Republican counties."

Because the rural vote is overwhelmingly Republican, Wyoming Democrats always pray for snow on Election Day. This time, though, it had worked against them, falling only in the southern part of the state, leaving the vast northern regions dry and clear. Party organizations in the communities along the Union Pacific hurriedly set up car pools and baby-sitting services, concentrating their efforts in the Mexi-

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can and other low-income areas, where the new block of Democratic votes were located. As early as two hours after the polls opened, all signs pointed to a record turnout.

This was the first twenty-five-hour day of my life. Dad and Mother went to a party at the home of Laramie's Democratic chairman, leaving Robert and me to suffer the agony of the returns alone. Without voting machines, counting the votes was a lengthy process. Dad had cautioned us not to be discouraged by the first tallies. "If there is an upswing in our direction," he said, "it won't come till after midnight. The first precincts reporting will be rural, and you can bet they'll go Republican."

At nine o'clock the first reports from upstate came in: Barrett 60, McGee 2. After that, new totals trickled in steadily, all of them from rural areas. By eleven o'clock, it was Barrett 8,000, McGee 1,000.

Dad telephoned us to say that a few of the cities were beginning to report. Rock Springs was going for Dad, 4-1. Scattered returns from Cheyenne showed Dad to be strong in the Mexican precincts, and in Laramie he was running well ahead of Barrett, carrying the Mexican vote of West Laramie by 2-1. But none of this was enough to overcome Barrett's early lead. By midnight, it stood at Barrett 17,000, McGee 11,000. J. J. Hickey was trailing his opponent 12,000 to 15,000.

"WHEN are we going to get the upswing Dad promised?" asked Robert. He was half asleep in front of the radio.

"He never promised there would be one," I replied. "He just said there might be."

I suggested to Robert that he go to bed for a couple of hours. But sitting alone was depressing, and I wished I hadn't sent him upstairs. The radio announcer, who kept chattering away as if he were broadcasting a football game, said that complete returns were in from Senator Barrett's home town of Lusk, and that it had endorsed him by a hefty margin of 7-1. The one-o'clock vote was 30,000 for Barrett, 20,000 for McGee.

At one-thirty, Dad called and told me not to expect him and Mother home for several hours. "It doesn't look too good," I said.

"Nothing is decided," he replied calmly. "None of the large precincts along the U.P. are in. There are only scant returns from Cheyenne, and there's no word at all out of Casper." It was in Casper, he had calculated, that the election would be won or lost.

"Then you're not conceding?" I asked.

"What do you think?" Dad laughed.

I awakened Robert at two. "We won?" he mumbled groggily.

"Not yet. It's two o'clock. I promised to get you up."

"You want to sleep?" he asked.

"Maybe just for a few minutes. Call me if you hear anything."

No sooner had I crawled into bed than Robert was shaking me. "Hurry," he was shouting. "We're winning! We're winning!"

"That's impossible. I was just down there."

"Two hours ago," he corrected me. "It's nearly four-thirty."

Actually, Dad was not ahead, but he had closed the gap between himself and Senator Barrett. All of the Union Pacific towns with the exception of Cheyenne were giving complete returns, and, as expected, the Democrats had carried them decisively. And the long-awaited Casper results were coming in rapidly, with Dad trailing Barrett by only a few hundred out of the city's ten thousand votes. The statewide count now was Barrett 41,000, McGee 39,000.

"And here is a bulletin being handed me," the radio announcer was saying. "At his campaign headquarters in Cheyenne, J. J. Hickey has just claimed victory in his bid for governor." And indeed he *had* won.

THE radio announcer was now giving the figures from previously unreported counties. Fremont County, which includes the Wind River Reservation, was still in doubt, with Barrett holding a slim lead. ("And after all that time we spent with the Indians," Robert grumbled.) In the mining regions of far western Wyoming, where Dad should have been making sizable gains, the Democrats were ahead by only a hundred votes. This was not enough to erase the two-thousand-vote lead still held by Barrett. It became clear that the final result would be decided in Cheyenne.

Dad and Mother were home by six. Dad was angry. He had called his manager and learned that he had withheld the vote tallies of Cheyenne's major precincts since before midnight. "The *nerve* of that guy!" Dad shouted.

"Isn't it illegal to sit on the ballot boxes that way?" asked Mother.

"It ought to be," he replied, "and then to think he wouldn't even give us the results over the telephone. Said to wait till I hear them on the radio—that way, it will be a surprise."

"That must mean it's good news," I ventured, "or he wouldn't have told you to wait."

In a matter of minutes, the announcement came over the radio that nearly complete returns were in from Cheyenne. Dad had carried the city by a margin of 3,800 votes. This meant victory for McGee.

The remaining unreported precincts around the state were solidly Democratic and could not change the final outcome.

None of us said a word. For months, I had pictured this moment —cheering throngs of well-wishers, incessantly ringing telephones, a battalion of photographers. There was nothing.

Finally Mother said, more to herself than to us, "We made it."

Dad sat in his chair by the radio, quietly pleased. Then he began to compose a brief statement for release as soon as he heard from Senator Barrett.

The phone rang. It was Dad's manager again. "We've had word from a Barrett spokesman," he said. "Barrett has no intention of conceding." (He never did.) Dad methodically tore up what he had written. "Damn," he said softly; then, "Isn't anybody else hungry? Let's eat."

All there was in the refrigerator was some fried chicken left over from the latest Elks Club dinner, but it tasted better—even at seven o'clock in the morning—than it ever had before.

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Cabaret Uptown and Down

GERALD WEALES

"LIFE is a cabaret, old chum," sings Sally Bowles at the end of *Cabaret,* while all around her swirl the figures who people her Berlin, the city of the Kit Kat Klub, the decadent 1930 fun town jazzily rotting its way into the compost heap out of which the Nazi movement will spring triumphant. A musical with such a finale is obviously an ambitious one, but *Cabaret* only intermittently fulfills its ambition. The creators of *Cabaret*—composer John Kander, lyricist Fred Ebb, playwright Joe Masteroff, choreographer Ronald Field—have wandered some distance from their sources, John Van Druten's *I Am a Camera* and the stories in Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* on which that play was based, but their wanderings have a purpose. They apparently want to get back to Isherwood country, to use their cautionary tales against a Berlin backdrop that will make specific what was only suggested in Isherwood—the political implications of the social scene.

The novelist's persona, Herr Issyvoo, as both Isherwood's and Van Druten's German landlady called him, is no longer a camera, "with its shutter open, quite passive." With a change of name and nationality, he has become a stuffy, nice-guy American who is sufficiently a participant to be the lover of Sally Bowles, who ostensibly retains some of the sad and funny irresponsibility that made her the central force of Van Druten's play and one of Isherwood's stories. Since Jill Haworth is such a lamentable Sally and Bert Convy only as efficiently nondescript as Cliff's character demands, the young lovers tend to be forgotten when they are not on stage. Most of the time, Miss Haworth's weakness as a performer is only annoying, but it does the show a major disservice when the time comes for her to sing "Cabaret," for her to break the audience's heart as Sally and at the same time lift the character from the specific to the general, to turn her into a funereal image, the "happiest corpse" in town. Having seen Barbara Harris successfully wasting her time on the obvious satire and sentiment of *The Apple Tree,* I found myself wishing that John Kander had her to deliver the score's best and the show's most important number.

LOTTE LENYA's songs are a complete contrast. To replace the romance of the Jewish heiress and her fortune-hunting boy friend with which Van Druten introduced the anti-Semitic theme into the play, Masteroff has provided the German landlady with a Jewish suitor and the couple are the occasion for a number of songs for Miss Lenya and Jack Gilford, who does his standard pathetic-befuddlement bit. The songs—particularly the two duets, "It Couldn't Please Me More" (which is about a pineapple) and "Married"—are completely banal. Miss Lenya's phrasing, reminiscent of the way she sings Kurt Weill's Broadway songs, breaks the commonplace numbers into pieces; out of the ruins emerges a sense of desolation and acceptance that is the product of her theatrical personality and a legacy from her long association with the Brecht-Weill theatre.

Although the collapse of the two love affairs contributes to the diagnosis of the sick society, the basic point is made through the numbers that presumably emanate from the Kit Kat Klub. Joel Gray, as the Emcee, an androgynous clown playing leeringly at sex, serves as our guide through this happy hell. The numbers are brassy, vulgar, gaudy, more evocative of our twenties than of the Berlin of *The Threepenny Opera.* By the second act, the numbers turn ugly as the dancing girls kick their way into the goose-step; or as the Emcee does a reprise of "If You Could See Her" to a man in a gorilla suit and a tutu, a beauty-is-in-the-eye-of-the-beholder number which is nastily ironic, following as it does on the landlady's decision not to marry the Jew. For the finale, some of the chorus boys are dressed in Nazi uniforms and Sally Bowles's Berlin has turned putrescent.

There is at least the possibility that the creators of *Cabaret* have something in mind beyond the belated history lesson dressed in nostalgia that the show seems to be. The Emcee grins knowingly at the audience, invites them in gesture if not in word to recognize that there are consequences to indifference, self-indulgence, protective withdrawal. Yet if there is a touch of it's-later-than-you-think in *Cabaret,* it is pretty much swallowed up by a kind of romantic distancing that can best be seen at the very end when the Emcee fades away in a diminishing spot.

THUS *Cabaret* may be a kind of pseudo protest play, but the real thing can be found off-Broadway, where an evening of three one-acters by Jean-Claude van Itallie is playing under the collective title *America Hurrah.* What the playwright has done is fashion a number of satiric sketches, most of which would not seem out of place at Plaza 9 or Upstairs at the Downstairs, but he has given them force by placing them in an imaginative frame that is visually and intellectually impressive. The result is a satiric attack on America in which everything from plastic flowers to the war in Vietnam becomes an emblem for a vast societal malaise.

The most effective of the plays is *TV.* The device here is that three apparently realistic characters can be seen acting out their comedy-drama of daily life while monitoring programs for a television-rating company. The programs are presented by other actors on stage and in grotesque still-photograph close-ups on a large screen. The sketches are funny largely because the acting is good, but the parodies of soap opera and Westerns are not markedly different from the same kind of self-kidding sketch on television, and the political parodies are about like an off night on the now defunct *That Was the Week That Was.* The Lyndon Johnson bits, for instance, are not as imaginative nor as aurally accurate as the current pop record in which Senator Robert Kennedy is supposed to be singing "Wild Thing." It is the reactions of

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the three monitors that give substance to what would otherwise be pointless satire. They move back and forth between complete absorption and total inattention in a way that reduces everything from gushing ads to bloodcurdling news reports to a tasteless puree. In the end the two playing areas become one, with real and TV people in a single scene together, the real characters having become situation-comedy stereotypes and the entire company turned into a mechanical laugh track. In van Itallie's world, all is false.

Of the other two plays, *Interview,* which in an earlier form was called *Pavane,* is the less interesting. It is a dance of disconnection in which the actors pass from brief scenes as half-realized characters to mass scenes in which separation, guilt, and the crying need for help are presented visually and chorally and where the conventional helpers (the priest, the psychiatrist, the politician, the employment agent) are necessarily failures.

The final play, *Motel,* is a destructive fable in which a mechanical recitation of the comforts of the motel (and of the affluent society) goes on and on while two gigantic doll figures act out a sex-and-violence ritual in which they smash the furniture, rip up the bedclothes, cover the walls with obscenities, and mutilate the motelkeeper. Presumably the destroyers and the destroyed are of a piece and the final effect is to be horrifying. In fact, there is a kind of grotesque grace about the dolls—rather like the gorilla's in *Cabaret*—and it is possible, particularly when the girl doll curtsies so cunningly after adding dribbles from the giant penis she has chalked on the wall, to find oneself feeling benign toward a very sick exhibit. Ironically, the complacency, the indifference, the tolerance that is under attack in *America Hurrah* has conspired to embrace the attack and turn the show into a hit. "Life is a cabaret, old chum."

Mixed Bag from Britain

DEREK MORGAN

WHAT WITH Pinter's *The Homecoming* dwarfing the rest of "legitimate" Broadway, what with the Robert Bolt-Paul Schofield *A Man for All Seasons* sending movie critics rushing to their thesauri, what with TV being set on its ear by the Laurence Olivier-Michael Redgrave-Rosemary Harris-Joan Plowright-Max Adrian-Sybil Thorndike-Fay Compton-Lewis Casson *Uncle Vanya* (good God, they'd probably use Burbage and Garrick as spear carriers if they were around today!)—what with all this evidence of a dazzling renaissance in the English theatre, there is some tendency to take a sneaking pleasure in the fact that even the English have to come down to our level from time to time—and sometimes sink below it.

Take Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy,* which has just arrived from London at the Ethel Barrymore. "In one of the most celebrated scenes in the repertoire of the Chinese Classical Theatre," reads a program note, "two swordsmen fight a duel in a completely darkened room. The scene is performed with the stage fully lit." Mr. Shaffer has taken this dramatic idea and used it for a one-act drawing-room farce.

Fair enough. Even when one is prepared for it, the concept on stage is spectacular. The play opens in pitch darkness. Two people are talking. A phonograph plays a loud Sousa march. The conversation repeatedly teases us by referring to things we need to be able to *see* to appreciate: "You look wonderful in yellow . . . ," and so forth. They are preparing for the arrival of the girl's father, who is to meet the young man—his prospective son-in-law—for the first time. Then, just as we are getting a little restive at not knowing precisely what they're doing or what they look like or what they—plonk! a fuse blows. Off go the lights and the phonograph groans into silence, leaving them in frozen attitudes in the dark. Except that for us the situation is reversed: now the stage is suddenly flooded with light. What we see is a delightfully conceived set of the young man's flat: bedroom upstairs, artist's studio downstairs (it's the girl who is dressed in yellow).

In the course of the next hour the old Chinese idea gets a pretty thorough going-over, and it just about survives. To the trio so far identified (played by Lynn Redgrave, Michael Crawford, and Peter Bull) add the young man's Other Girl Friend (Geraldine Page), his fellow-artist friend from next door (Donald Madden), an electrician who gets mistaken for an art expert come to inspect the lad's work (Pierre Epstein)—and you can see that we have the makings of a fairly lively little farce, with everyone gropingly mistaking this for that and this one for that one. A profusion of sight (?) gags is implicit in the idea of the play, and Michael Crawford takes some pratfalls that would make Mack Sennett wince.

Throw in a homosexual relationship (tee-hee) and have gentlemen making accidental and unfortunate bodily contacts in the dark, and, hey presto, you have a ho-ho-ho! The audience, in fact, seemed to relish the treatment of homosexuals as music-hall clichés more than anything else in the play. (I wasn't sure whether we were with them or against them, but golly, were they ever funny!) Such unpristine gambits as referring to a gentleman as "she" brought howls of merry laughter. If you find that as funny as everyone else seemed to, then *Black Comedy* is for you.

THE SNAG is that it's only the second half of a double bill. And here we come to more serious matters. In the London production, *Black Comedy* followed Strindberg's *Miss Julie*—an ingenious juxtaposition that must have set the audience up beautifully for slapstick. Unfortunately, in the Broadway version the first part of the bill is another one-act Shaffer play called *White Lies,* and I will freely admit that by the time we had got through that, I came to *Black Comedy* in an extremely churlish mood. Mr. Shaffer might

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THE REPORTER

660 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

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possibly have made this into a shambling and corny short story, but it has as much right in the theatre as a telephone book worked over by Colley Cibber. The acting is ladies' social club, Grade B, and the static verbosity of the thing is almost beyond belief. It eventually maundered off into a hypnotically stupid monologue of "Dear Abby" drivel.

When plays and playwrights have to compete for a small handful of stages on Broadway, it is shocking that badly acted non-theatre like this should be foisted upon us. The only person who emerges from it with any credit at all is the stage designer, Alan Tagg, who provided fine sets for both plays on this bill.

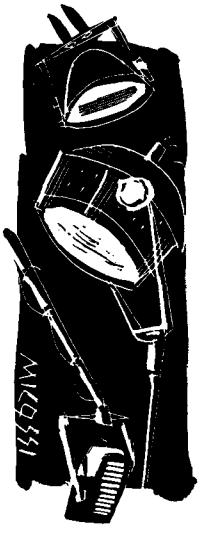
WELL, enough of that. Cheer up: Michael Flanders and Donald Swann are back, dropping another hat at the Booth Theatre. They present the warmest and wittiest couple of hours of fun the theatre has to offer. The evening spins away in delight as they are simultaneously perceptive and bewildered, obstreperous and cuddlesome, funny and poetic.

Yes, poetic. When Flanders recites a list of wonderfully named British railway stations that have been closed down in the interests of economy and progress and such-all, he brings the theatre to a rapt hush in memory of a world we shall not see again. It is a tour de force comparable with Stephen Vincent Benét's poem "American Names."

But no mood is allowed to last long when Flanders and Swann are in command. They reduce the dreary regiment of writers who use dirty words in search of immortality to the naughty children they are, with a cheerful burble about bellies and bums (English for backsides) and po's and pee. Flanders, whose monologues glow with a sunny mixture of wit and idiocy, gives a memorable impression of a skeptical, man-in-the-street ancient Briton coming upon Stonehenge for the first time and having its horological function explained to him ("It's a *what* . . . ?). Swann contributes what he assures us is a perfectly genuine Russian song that turns out, in translation, to be the daftest thing you've heard for many a day.

And so it goes. They are irreverent about de Gaulle, blithely unsympathetic to Mr. Wilson, wry about Mr. Johnson, gently despairing about the Empire, the New World, the Old World, the arts, the sciences. . . . Flanders is thrown badly off balance by the fact that the audience is not able to recite with him in unison the Second Law of Thermodynamics and turns to Swann with a puzzlement not untouched with acerbity: "I thought this was where the brain drain was supposed to come out!"

Flanders and Swann have none of the pretentiousness of contemporary so-called satire. The truth is that this is not an age for satire—we are much too regimented in our various good-guy roles for that, too holy and bland in our belief that "freedom" is the converse of all evil, to perceive that our pervasive liberations have imposed on us, for the moment at



least, more taboos than ever hamstrung the most staid Victorian. It is refreshing, therefore, to find sparkling, educated minds uncluttered with pious purpose or any intent to "make us see" things that we have already seen, or to "shock" us out of our clichés—and into someone else's.

But the shock-and-reform bug is so contagious that even these two come perilously close to catching it at one moment when they sing a deadly serious song completely out of context with the easy whimsy of the evening, pointing out the stark fact that the world's stockpile of arms contains an equivalent of twenty tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child breathing on the face of the earth. It is an insane situation, and the audience gives a grimly sincere ovation at the end. Yet how sincere is it really? Minutes later we are chuckling away as happily as ever. Surely if the message had impressed us as deeply as the applause would indicate, we would be wondering desperately what to do about it instead of listening to any more lighthearted frivolity from Flanders and Swann. They are undoubtedly sincere, but it seems to me that their song has the effect of exposing our insincerity. Although it is not intended that way, whatever point is made here is against us.

BUT where were we? Part of the beguilement of Flanders and Swann is in the interplay of their characters. Swann, weedy, bespectacled, absent-minded, is forever letting out little whoops of private delight at the world he perceives vaguely to be surrounding him, a world to which Flanders is his trusted but alas only partly trustworthy guide. Flanders, bearded, heavy-set, and confined to a wheelchair which he makes into such an asset that you wonder how he'd do without it, is apparently more in touch with things, and from time to time he makes impatient asides to us about his scholarly friend. But mixed with the impatience there's a touch of envy, and we feel that he'd probably prefer to be away out there with Swann (wherever that is) than be stuck with having to explain him to us or us to him.

Perhaps it's tougher being an actor ("working," as they put it in their jargon) than you and I are supposed to think, and for all I know these two fools sweat blood before each performance. But it doesn't seem like that. The flavor of this entrancing evening is perhaps best conveyed by a song about a sloth, idly swaying upside down from a tree in the teeming forests (and rhyming, as they make abysmally unclear, with both "both" and "moth"):

"While eager beavers overhead
Rush through the undergrowth,
I watch the clouds beneath my feet—
How sweet to be a sloth!"

How sweet indeed! Thank you, Mr. Flanders. Thank you, Mr. Swann.

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By the Docks, Nassau

Harbor women lounge in chattering rows,
weaving straw in the shade. Children wade
and cry round them like gulls. When a man throws
a glance, they laze, unafraid,
in the backwash of it. They ride
easy on that tide.

Freighters, nose to tail, are warped in
to sag amidships, let the hungry cranes
rummage below. Yawning, they keep up a tin
chatter with old rains,
or lie rusting through noon, lazily
flaking their paint into the sea.

Street

The bundle on her head is yellow,
and sways.
Sun blaze
narrows her
to
a
black
stem.
Her shadow
undulates
over sprigged
English porcelain
under a shop
window's
cool
glaze.

Tides

In the wake of the breakers, between
tide and tide, luminous waters crack
beached rock, splinter even the floating green
boughs of trees, smash them back
on shore, battered and dripping. Yet the thin
scallops, china urchins riding a bland
froth, may be fingered so gently in;
coral branches flower upon this sand
whole. With a sound I have heard before
the tides rise blind, walk in their sleep
to choose what to shatter upon the shore
and what to keep.

—NANCY PRICE

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BOOKS

Churchill on Churchill

GORDON A. CRAIG

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Vol. I. YOUTH, 1874-1900, by Randolph S. Churchill. *Houghton Mifflin. $10.*

The first British and American reviews of the opening volume of Randolph Churchill's biography of his father have now appeared and have been generally favorable. There are, it is true, a few dissenters. On the far side of the Atlantic, A. J. P. Taylor, perhaps uneasy over finding himself almost agreeing with his fellow reviewers (since his comments are otherwise laudatory), has expressed the opinion that what is new in this volume "is not interesting and what is interesting is not new"; while here Conor Cruise O'Brien, after some gibes at the sixty-five-page index, has sternly announced that the whole enterprise promises to be "not so much a biography as the accumulation of mountains of biographic detail for the purposes of a cult." But these are relatively lonely voices amid a chorus of admiration, and there is reason to believe that the majority opinion is the sound one.

This is not to say that the mountains of which O'Brien speaks are not real. Before he has done, Randolph Churchill promises to give us four more volumes of narrative and at least five volumes of supporting documentation. But this, it might be pointed out, is hardly excessive as definitive biographies go. The Monypenny and Buckle life of Disraeli, which was constructed on much the same principle as Mr. Churchill's—that is, the principle that the biographer should as far as possible remain in the background and allow his subject to tell his own story through his speeches, letters, and other papers—ran to six volumes, and most people would agree that Sir Winston Churchill's life was as full and varied as the Earl of Beaconsfield's and has the same right to be told at length.

Works of great scope inevitably include factual data that will seem trivial or inconsequential to some readers, but it would be difficult to find general agreement among them concerning which bits should have been left out. Definitive biographies are quarries that readers of widely varying tastes and motives can mine with profit—indeed, the Disraeli biography was described in something very like these terms in the article on Buckle in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. In them cultists and hero worshipers will find what they are looking for; but so will debunkers; so will professional and amateur specialists interested in this or that aspect of the subject's life or times; and so, finally, will those readers who are in no hurry and who want to make their own assessment of the man they are reading about by weighing the kind of evidence of strength and weakness, admirable and reprehensible qualities, that a full record provides.

THE MASSIVE SIZE of this projected life should not, therefore, be used to reproach its author, at least not yet. If his next four volumes of narrative are as effective as his first, Randolph Churchill will have succeeded in serving the needs and gratifying the tastes of a number of audiences.

The main outlines of Winston Churchill's early life, his relations with his parents, his school days, his career in the army, and his entrance into politics are reasonably well known, thanks to his own writings. But, A. J. P. Taylor to the contrary notwithstanding, even the known aspects of his early years become both new and interesting in this telling, presented as they are for the most part by means of hitherto unpublished letters written by the young Churchill or to him. From these we get, among other things, a more objective and a much colder view of Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill than in his own relatively glamorized accounts, and can see what he himself refused to admit: that his father was so absorbed in his own career that he was incapable of recognizing the existence of his son except on occasions when his own ego was bruised by unfavorable reports from Winston's schoolmasters, and that his mother was a vain and frivolous woman, more interested in the attentions of Count Kinsky and Lord Dudley and her other admirers than in the boy to whom, as he wrote after her death, she had always seemed "a fairy princess."

Une princesse lointaine would have been a more accurate descrip-

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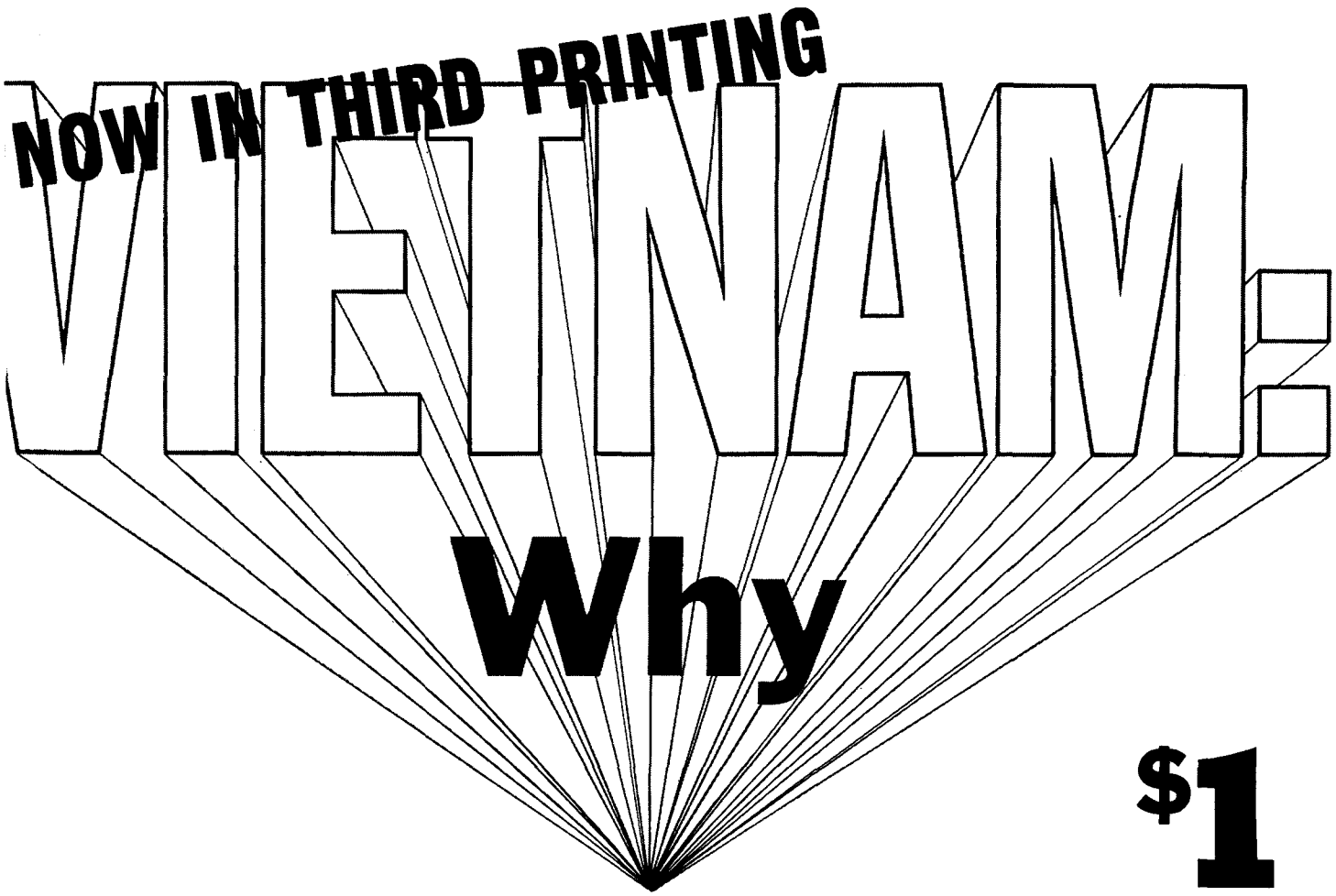

With the first printing of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a second edition—expanded from 56 to 64 pages.

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tion, for Lady Randolph rarely responded to his pleas to come to visit him at school, was obviously annoyed at the prospect of his proximity during vacations, and left him, as far as possible, in the hands of tutors, friends, or the nurse to whom he was devoted, Mrs. Everest. When Lady Randolph wrote to her son, her letters were cast in tones of nagging reproach and were often separated by long stretches of forbidding silence, which he would attempt to break with doleful cries like that of November, 1890: "My darling Mama, I hear that you are greatly incensed against me! I am very sorry—But I am very hard at work & I am afraid some enemy hath sown tares in your mind."

He was often heartbroken over his mother's lack of interest, but it is probably true that his father's neglect hurt him more deeply. He survived it, and he did far better in school than might have been expected of one so completely starved of parental affection. Even so, he was probably thinking of himself when, nine years later, writing of the Mahdi, he noted that that ruler had lost his father when young and added: "Solitary trees, if they grow at all, grow strong; and a boy deprived of his father's care often develops, if he escapes the perils of youth, an independence and vigour of thought which may restore in after life the heavy loss of early days."

BY THE TIME he had finished Harrow and Sandhurst, the independence and vigor of Winston Churchill's thought were so excessive as to alarm his contemporaries and offend many of his elders, but it was these qualities that enabled him to escape the life of mediocrity that threatened him. Just after Lord Randolph's death in 1895, Winston became a subaltern in the 4th Hussars, his father having shoved him into the military in the belief that he had no talent for another calling. It was a profession from which he was determined to escape, preferably into the world of politics, but he did not have the means to do so easily, possessing a very modest income that was threatened constantly by the extravagances of his mother. (Called upon to pay some of her debts in 1898, he wrote from India: "I need not say—how painful it is to me to have to write in so formal a strain. . . . But I am bound to protect myself in the future—as I do not wish to be left—should I survive you—in poverty. In three years from my father's death you have spent a quarter of our entire fortune in the world.") Nor was he well enough known or liked or respected to attract the attention of the political parties.

He was compelled, therefore, to make his own way, and he did so by a rigorous process of self-education —among other things reading, annotating, and writing opinions on the debates recorded in the *Annual Register*—and by a professional opportunism in which he cold-bloodedly sought service in areas where he might win decorations and preferment by his audacity and money by his pen. As he went off to his baptism of fire with the Malakand Field Force on the North-West Frontier in 1897, he wrote his mother: "It might not have been worth my while, who am really no soldier, to risk so many fair chances on a war which can only help me directly in a profession I mean to discard. But . . . the fact of having seen service with British troops while still a young man must give me more weight politically. . . . Besides this—I think I am of an adventurous disposition and shall enjoy myself not so much *in spite of* as *because* of the risks I run." In that campaign he fought by day, being on one occasion under fire for thirteen hours, and wrote letters to the *Daily Telegraph* by night; and when it was over, he made it the subject of his first book.

THE RESULTS were gratifying enough to make him want to repeat the pattern. When Kitchener's Sudanese campaign got under way, he bombarded his mother with letters, urging her to use her connections so as to effect his transfer to that theater. "Oh how I wish I could work you up over Egypt!" he wrote in January, 1898. "I know you could do it with all your influence—and all the people you know. It is a pushing age and we must shove with the best." His mother did what she could, but it was Winston's own efforts that got him to Egypt. Lord Salisbury had read and been impressed by his *Story of the Malakand Field Force* and had invited him to come and see him, and the young officer was able to persuade the Prime Minister to get him a berth as supernumerary lieutenant to the 21st Lancers. Thus he managed to get to the Sudan in time for the Battle of Omdurman, to add "the experience of a cavalry charge to my military repertoire," as he blithely wrote to Sir Ian Hamilton; to compose dispatches to the *Morning Post* which, by criticizing the treatment of the wounded, seriously offended Lord Kitchener, whom he seems to have disliked—Kitchener "is a great general but he has yet to be accused of being a great gentleman"; and to gather the materials for one of his most popular and profitable books, *The River War*.

Churchill's search for the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth continued in South Africa during the Boer War, and was crowned by the much-publicized episode of the armored train, his capture by the enemy, and his subsequent escape. These exploits paved his way into the House of Commons, at the same time giving him new opportunities to bolster his personal fortune by means of the pen and the lecture podium. In January, 1901, the newly elected M.P. for Oldham could write to his mother: "I am very proud of the fact that there is not one person in a million who at my age could have earned £10,000 without any capital in less than two years."

It was indeed an impressive accomplishment, but, in the course of all this ardent striving, Churchill had become self-centered to such a degree that he was sometimes actually surprised to learn that the rest of the world was not exclusively concerned with his well-being and progress. In a brush with the Boers near Dewetsdorp in the spring of 1900, he fell from his saddle and was saved from a second capture by a trooper named Roberts, who took him up behind him and rode him out of the range of Boer bullets, although not before his mount had been hit. "Oh my poor horse," moaned Roberts. "Never mind," said Churchill. "You've saved my life." "Ah," answered the scout, "but it's the horse

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 164

by HENRY ALLEN

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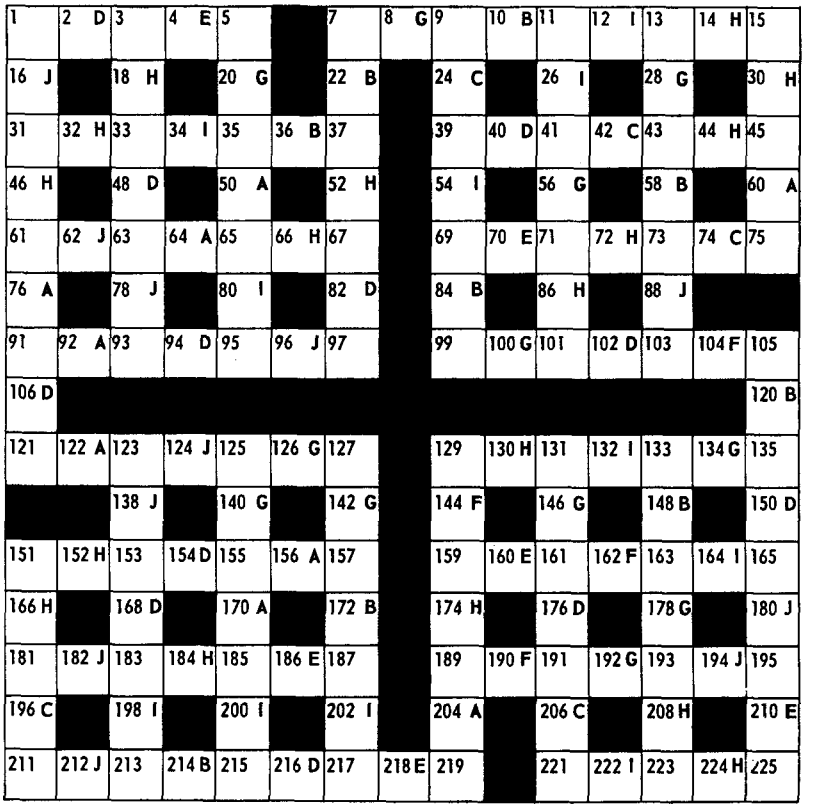
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
$\overline{64}$ $\overline{170}$ $\overline{50}$ $\overline{204}$ $\overline{60}$ $\overline{92}$ $\overline{122}$ $\overline{156}$ $\overline{76}$ Doctrine of seventeenth-century theologian, including loss of free will.

B
$\overline{22}$ $\overline{36}$ $\overline{172}$ $\overline{84}$ $\overline{58}$ $\overline{214}$ $\overline{120}$ $\overline{148}$ $\overline{10}$ Summer vacation period for example (5-4).

C
$\overline{206}$ $\overline{196}$ $\overline{42}$ $\overline{74}$ $\overline{24}$ Sheds feathers or skin.

D
$\overline{150}$ $\overline{94}$ $\overline{2}$ $\overline{168}$ $\overline{106}$ $\overline{154}$ $\overline{102}$ $\overline{216}$ $\overline{176}$ $\overline{40}$ $\overline{48}$ $\overline{82}$ *Gaudily and deceitfully ornamental.*

E
$\overline{4}$ $\overline{186}$ $\overline{70}$ $\overline{160}$ $\overline{218}$ $\overline{210}$ Named (obs.).

F
$\overline{104}$ $\overline{144}$ $\overline{190}$ $\overline{162}$ An islet in a river or lake.

G
$\overline{100}$ $\overline{28}$ $\overline{142}$ $\overline{140}$ $\overline{8}$ $\overline{126}$ $\overline{134}$ $\overline{20}$ $\overline{146}$ $\overline{192}$ $\overline{178}$ $\overline{56}$ Normal place for a howdah (2,2,8).

H
$\overline{72}$ $\overline{130}$ $\overline{32}$ $\overline{14}$ $\overline{66}$ $\overline{44}$ $\overline{184}$ $\overline{52}$ $\overline{86}$ $\overline{30}$ $\overline{166}$ $\overline{46}$ $\overline{18}$ $\overline{174}$ $\overline{224}$ $\overline{208}$ $\overline{152}$ Lincolnian time period (4,5,3,5).

I
$\overline{34}$ $\overline{54}$ $\overline{132}$ $\overline{12}$ $\overline{200}$ $\overline{26}$ $\overline{202}$ $\overline{80}$ $\overline{198}$ $\overline{164}$ $\overline{222}$ *A plateau in mountainous terrain,* perhaps (7,4).

J
$\overline{138}$ $\overline{78}$ $\overline{16}$ $\overline{88}$ $\overline{62}$ $\overline{180}$ $\overline{212}$ $\overline{182}$ $\overline{124}$ $\overline{194}$ $\overline{96}$ Francis's refrain in "1 Henry IV" (4,4,3).

ACROSS

1. Colors for how farm animals eat, they say?
7. With 151 down, organization headed by the Acrostician.
31. Sailing nearer the wind and enjoying it?
39. Kind of supper when Puck holds a broken lot (3-4).
61. California city for Joan in the south-southeast.
69. Unsuitable actions or suits too big? (3-4).
91. How one grows (2,5).
99. Commit no sin on the third go (2,5).
121. A head man in Ireland and a sprite at last.
129. To season or leap about (2,5).
151. Kind of uniform for a nudist?
159. Ends make up a lot of 105 down.
181. What a law or a cop may be (2,5).
189. French province of a first-class salt.
211. Promontory of thorn pace (5,4).
221. Dish up the poetry.

DOWN

1. Dramatist Cellini?
3. How to take something comic (2,5).
5. A philosopher 'as no zip code.
7. A catty sort of girl?
9. How a trade may be taken (2,5).
11. Frontiersman who came to rest.
13. Enduring without a penny. It's hardening.
15. Purposes of Japanese beverages.
105. Bring to a close with the school period first.
123. Custom-built farm ode (4,3).
125. Bury there an example.
127. Time of speed – the 20's, for example (4,3).
129. Bother! It sounds like a couple of drinks (2,5).
131. Ceremonial oils when little Christopher has a manuscript.
133. The man who set this in pert tin.
151. See 7 across.

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I'm thinking about." Self-absorption was the price paid for the success won in these early years, and it was to cause Churchill difficulty as he now entered the world of practical politics.

IN THIS handsome volume, the voice that we hear almost continuously is that of Winston Churchill himself, already falling into the sonorous style that Jimmie Cannon once likened to music composed for an orchestra of bass drums. The voice of the biographer is heard only occasionally, and one has a tendency to forget that he is there, that it was he who selected the letters that make up this volume, and that it is his arrangement of the materials that makes this such fascinating reading. It is probably true that his interventions will become more frequent, and his contributions to the narrative, by way of personal recollection and explanation and defense of his father's views and policies, more extensive in the later volumes, particularly those which will deal with the First World War and the politics of the 1920's. Whatever the results of that may be, Randolph Churchill's method has been triumphantly successful here. «»

Journey to Synthesis

WERNER L. GUNDERSHEIMER

SOCIAL ORIGINS OF DICTATORSHIP AND DEMOCRACY: LORD AND PEASANT IN THE MAKING OF THE MODERN WORLD, by Barrington Moore, Jr. *Beacon. $10.*

There often seems to be a random character to the incidence of major contributions in the historical and social sciences, which helps to account for the fact that they develop in very different ways from the biological and physical sciences. Of course, serendipity may strike anywhere. "Ho hum, there's another knuckle bone," Professor Bryan Patterson thought as he spotted the fragment of a hominoid humerus that appears to push man's history back another 750,000 years (New York *Times*, January 14, page 1). The same kind of thing happens now and then to a few fortunate, patient, and gifted searchers in all fields. But ordinarily, the natural sciences tend to develop along fairly predictable paths. Workers agree at least on what the main current problems are, and resources are allocated more or less rationally so that investigators can stay on the spoor. In the historical sciences (to use a perfectly innocent term that bothers many scholars), researchers commonly operate in an individualistic, almost anarchic world of private strivings related to privately formulated problems approached through personally satisfying methods. Not all of this is bad, and much is in the nature of the case. But it helps to explain why significant innovations are often so unpredictable, and so surprising.

THE DUST JACKET of Barrington Moore, Jr.'s, immensely important and stimulating book describes it as ". . . the exciting journal of an intellectual safari into the largely uncharted brushlands of comparative history." This analogy aptly conveys a sense of the engrossing adventure of reading this ambitious and successful study. Actually the brushlands were pretty well charted. Most of Moore's data come from the works of various specialists, rather than from original research. His journey is more like a long, leisurely, careful, and systematic overflight of territories previously known, but never seen whole or in relation to each other. It is a great work of synthesis.

Moore's purpose is to describe how and explain why the principal nations got the kinds of governments they have. More specifically, he seeks to explain ". . . the varied political roles played by the landed upper classes and the peasantry in the transformation from agrarian societies . . . to modern industrial ones." The first part of the book, "Revolutionary Origins of Capitalist Democracy," traces the growth of parliamentary democracy out of the violence of revolutionary strife in England, France, and the United States, where the Civil War is presented as in some ways a revolution. Part Two, "Three Routes to the Modern World in Asia," deals with the evolution of Chinese Communism, Japanese fascism, and Indian democracy, after analyzing the adequacy of western political concepts as applied to Asiatic situations. A concluding section, "Theoretical Implications and Projections," defends and elaborates the views previously formulated.

The author, a Senior Research Fellow at Harvard's Russian Research Center, combines the skills and insights of the comparative historian and the historical sociologist. Arresting generalizations are supported by evidence that is impressive, both in quality and quantity. Specialists will certainly take Moore to task on points of detail, but this book is so full of convincing analyses that it can easily withstand sniper fire and should do very well against a full-scale assault. For example, Moore's explanations and evaluations of the role of the peasantry as a crucial factor in large-scale social change are developed with particular subtlety. A major part of his argument is devoted to showing that "The process of modernization begins with peasant revolutions that fail. It culminates during the twentieth century with peasant revolutions that succeed." But, though one could mention dozens of good points (as in the discussion of the role of the British in India, or of the American West in the drift toward Civil War), the complex conclusions toward which Moore works cannot be reduced to brief formulas. Indeed, his sense of the complexities of history, of the uniqueness of individual cases, will not only serve to strengthen his general arguments but also to enlighten many specialists on the broader meaning and relevance of their own studies.

MOORE analyzes his vast panorama of global change and continuity with an amazingly controlled combination of objectivity and passion. One feels time and again that every sentence in these 559 pages

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is in its proper place. Moreover, Moore's style often rises to the brilliance of his perceptions. The two are usually inseparable, as in this passage from the chapter on China: "Gangsterism is likely to crop up wherever the forces of law and order are weak. European feudalism was mainly gangsterism that had become society itself and acquired respectability through the notions of chivalry. As the rise of feudalism out of the decay of the Roman administrative system shows, this form of self-help which victimizes others is in principle opposed to the workings of a sound bureaucratic system. A bureaucracy to survive must maintain a monopoly on the making of victims and do it according to a rational principle, which was supplied in China by Confucianism. As the [Chinese] Imperial system decayed into warlord satrapies, feebly and temporarily united under the Kuomintang, the entire system took on more and more gangster attributes and became increasingly unpopular." The passage illustrates the author's talent for developing a thought for all, and rarely more, than it is worth. It also shows, in capsule form, what exciting possibilities exist in the relatively new area of comparative history.

IN FACT, the importance of *Social Origins* lies almost as much in the raising as in the answering of vital and fruitful questions. What are the specific causes of revolutions? Why do they succeed or fail, or fail to happen? What are the consequences of social revolutions that succeed or fail? What kinds of social change and organization remain possible for agrarian countries in a world of giant postrevolutionary industrial powers? Where is the revolutionary potential in American society? These are only a few crucial questions that Moore scrutinizes. In many ways, the author is probably his own most severe and canny critic. His reservations, methodological and factual, are often stated with exemplary candor. This book, which raises such important questions and offers so many new ideas, such illuminating comparisons and arresting analyses, deserves to become a substantial presence in governmental as well as academic debates for years to come.

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Leading nominees for the 1967 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 8th, the five winners of the 1967 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1966 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS/The Embezzler/Houghton Mifflin
BERNARD MALAMUD/The Fixer/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
EDWIN O'CONNOR/All in the Family/Atlantic-Little, Brown
WALKER PERCY/The Last Gentleman/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
HARRY PETRAKIS/A Dream of Kings/David McKay
WILFRID SHEED/Office Politics/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: John Hutchens, Mark Schorer, Anthony West

poetry

JOHN ASHBERY/Rivers and Mountains/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
BARBARA HOWES/Looking Up at Leaves/Alfred A. Knopf
JAMES MERRILL/Nights and Days/Atheneum
MARIANNE MOORE/Tell Me, Tell Me/Viking Press
ADRIENNE RICH/Necessities of Life/W. W. Norton
WILLIAM JAY SMITH/The Tin Can and Other Poems/Delacorte Press—A Seymour Lawrence Book
Judges: W. H. Auden, James Dickey, Howard Nemerov

arts and letters

TRUMAN CAPOTE/In Cold Blood/Random House
JUSTIN KAPLAN/Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain/Simon and Schuster
OLIVER LARKIN/Daumier: A Man of His Time/McGraw-Hill
FREDERICK A. POTTLE/James Boswell: The Earlier Years/McGraw-Hill
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER/In My Father's Court/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
SUSAN SONTAG/Against Interpretation/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
LAWRENCE THOMPSON/Robert Frost: The Early Years/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
Judges: Saul Maloff, Lon Tinkle, Aileen Ward

history and biography

JAMES H. BILLINGTON/The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture/Alfred A. Knopf
DAVID B. DAVIS/The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture/Cornell University Press
MARTIN DUBERMAN/James Russell Lowell/Houghton Mifflin
PETER GAY/The Enlightenment: An Interpretation/Alfred A. Knopf
BARRINGTON MOORE, JR./Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy/Beacon Press
PETER STANSKY and WILLIAM ABRAHAMS/Journey to the Frontier/Atlantic-Little, Brown
Judges: James MacGregor Burns, Leon Edel, C. Vann Woodward

science, philosophy and religion

HOWARD B. ADELMANN/Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology/Cornell University Press
GEORGE and MURIEL BEADLE/The Language of Life/Doubleday
WASSILY W. LEONTIEF/Essays in Economics/Oxford University Press
OSCAR LEWIS/La Vida/Random House
PHILIP RIEFF/The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith After Freud/Harper & Row
ERWIN W. STRAUS/Phenomenological Psychology/Basic Books
Judges: Hannah Arendt, John Cogley, Gregory Vlastos

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

Despite The Thaw

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

THE JEWS OF SILENCE: A PERSONAL REPORT ON SOVIET JEWRY, by Elie Wiesel. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.*

The subject of Soviet Jews has been making headlines for the past ten years or so. Curiously enough, public awareness and concern over this issue came only after the most overt Soviet discriminatory and oppressive practices were replaced by a policy of grudging limited concessions. In 1948-1949, the Yiddish paper *Aynikayt* ("Unity"), which had been appearing thrice weekly, the Moscow Jewish State Theatre, and the publishing house Der Emes (The Truth), all pitiful survivals of a once flourishing culture, were abruptly closed down. Hundreds of Yiddish writers were arrested and shipped off to forced-labor camps; in August, 1952, twenty-three of them were secretly tried on grounds of "bourgeois nationalism" and just as secretly executed; numerous synagogues were put under lock and key; worshipers found themselves subjected to a steady barrage of offensive propaganda; Jewish intellectuals who had long become assimilated into the mainstream of Soviet Russian culture were suddenly reminded of their ethnic origin in a campaign clearly designed to arouse the latent anti-intellectual and anti-Semitic sentiments of the Russian people; and by January, 1953, with the arrest of a number of physicians—most of them Jewish—as western and "Zionist" intelligence agents, it seemed as if the days of the nearly three million Jews in the Soviet Union were numbered, spiritually and even physically.

WITH Stalin's death in March, 1953, the "dark years" (as Ilya Ehrenburg referred to them in *The Thaw*)—as indeed the darkest years of all the people of Russia—came to an end. The doctors were released and exonerated. The "vigilance campaign" was halted. The surviving

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Yiddish authors were released from jails and labor camps. And by September, 1961, the first issue of a new Yiddish journal, *Sovietish Heimland* ("Soviet Homeland"), made its appearance—a harbinger, or so it seemed, of better years.

Western concern about the fate of Soviet Jews dates more or less from that period—more specifically, from the year 1956, when Khrushchev, at the first congress of the Communist Party since Stalin's death, indicted the late dictator as a paranoiac, a blunderer, and a mass murderer. In part, then, the concern is explained by the fact that the highest Communist Party officials finally lifted the curtain on the grimmest chapter of Soviet history. The truth—or at any rate partial truth—was out. Yet in part the concern is also due to the fact that since 1956 one has been hard put to distinguish between Khrushchev's "de-Stalinization" drive on the one hand and the persistence or resurgence of typically Stalinist syndromes on the other. Cases in point are the campaign against "economic crimes" of 1963-1964, with its inordinate emphasis on Jewish "criminals"; the reappearance of obnoxious anti-Semitic lampoons in the Soviet press, capped by the publication of the Streicher-like *Judaism Without Embellishment* by T. K. Kichko in 1964; and the hardly disguised discrimination practiced by the Soviet authorities in higher education, the diplomatic service, and high political office.

Public concern and indignation, however, are not necessarily synonymous with understanding—and that, unfortunately, is sorely lacking even among those whose sense of outrage is not motivated by general anti-Soviet passions. The tendency to ascribe deprivations common to all people who live in a Communist totalitarian state exclusively to Jews, and to interpret them as evidence of official anti-Semitism, is still widely prevalent in this country. To be sure, typical Soviet sophistry is not very helpful in this regard. The "Doctors' Plot," after all, *did* include non-Jews, didn't it? The flaunting of Jewish names among Russia's top scientists and artists is another familiar device ("*I* decide who is a Jew," as the old adage has it). And aren't other religious faiths also officially in disfavor, for example the Baptists and other Protestant denominations?

To ANYONE who does wish to comprehend the unique position of Soviet Jewry, Elie Wiesel's book will probably come as something of a disappointment. The author, a Hungarian Jew who had survived Hitler's gas ovens and whose harrowing experiences have served him as the subject matter for a number of novels, visited the Soviet Union for a two-week period during the High Holy Days in September, 1965. His aim, as he notes in his preface, was not to publish "an authoritative political analysis" but merely "to add some impressions to the dossier." His impressions are based exclusively on visits to synagogues in Moscow, Kiev, and Leningrad, and on chance encounters with various individuals. He deliberately eschewed any meeting with official spokesmen, either Russians or Jews. He saw no representatives of Jewish secular life—either writers, literary critics, sociologists, or actors on the one hand, or ordinary citizens on the other. He did not attend any Yiddish concerts or theatrical performances, and made no effort to collect statistical data or to familiarize himself with official Soviet statements on the

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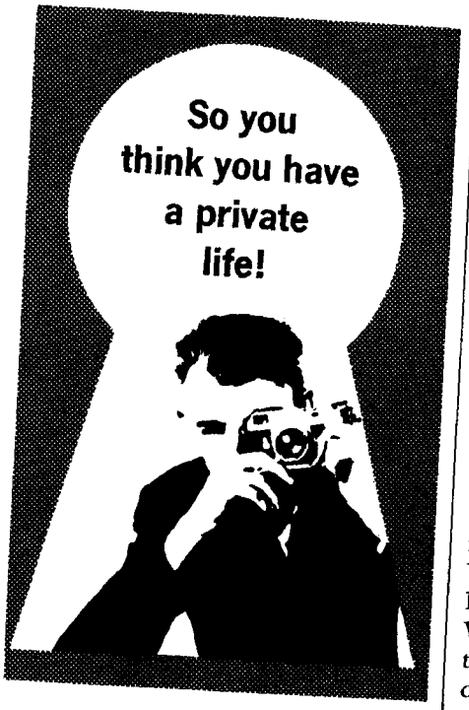

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"Jewish problem." His encounters with Russified Jews, intellectuals and nonintellectuals alike, were obviously few. His field of inquiry, then, was perforce limited to only one, and a not necessarily typical, segment of the Jewish population. And the results of his inquiry are therefore spotty, at times seemingly inconsistent, and even—to an outsider—somewhat exotic.

Yet if Wiesel has failed to accomplish what he did not set out to accomplish in the first place, he nevertheless richly succeeded in offering us an authentic slice of life, an uncannily vivid and sensitive portrayal of what it means and feels to be a Jew in Soviet Russia. Whether or not all or even most of Russia's Jews would have impressed Wiesel with their "dedication to traditional Jewish values," all official discouragement and persecution notwithstanding; whether or not the thousands of "Soviet Jewish youth" *in toto* "has remained Jewish to a degree beyond anything we could possibly have expected," will remain moot questions until such time as the Soviet authorities make it possible to conduct impartial public-opinion polls among their two hundred million subjects.

But anyone who has lived in the Soviet Union for any length of time and who has come face to face with at least some aspects of Soviet Jewish life will be struck by the accuracy of Wiesel's depictions and the incisiveness of many of his remarks and observations. There is simply no denying that many (indeed, one may safely surmise, most) Soviet Jews still live in an atmosphere of fear and terror. The fear may be exaggerated; it may be linked more to the nightmares of yesterday than to the uncertainties of today; but it exists and its pervasive quality is vividly captured by the author.

Or take the spirited manifestations of religious or ethnic solidarity that take place every year during the holiday season in front of the Moscow synagogue. No one who has witnessed the emotional state of the worshipers or the demonstrative behavior of young people, many of whom have never been exposed to Jewish learning or tradition, can possibly question Wiesel's descriptions, rendered in language both lyrical and evocative. He describes the alienation of Soviet Jews, their desperate longing for some form of contact with their brethren outside, the overwhelming curiosity about Jewish life in the United States or the singularly apolitical interest in Israel; and the evidence of anti-Semitic policies, official, quasi-official, or "popular" (and who can struggle against native prejudice in a country where prejudices are officially nonexistent?). All these descriptions ring true.

By concentrating, then, on an admittedly limited segment of the Jewish problem and of the Soviet Jews, Wiesel has managed to convey some of the most essential truths about the situation of Soviet Jewry—namely, that whatever the grievances they may share with the population at large or with other ethnic and religious minorities, whatever the similarities between the status of Soviet Jews and that of Seventh-day Adventists, whatever the parallels between the official policies toward the Jews and the treatment accorded to other "suspect" groups, one factor stands out in bold relief: the Jews are subjected to maltreatment and repression *because* they are Jews and *as* Jews.

No other group in the Soviet Union has been treated quite so badly, no other group has been offended quite so brazenly, no other minority has suffered quite so much and benefited so little from the more liberal policies of the post-Stalin régimes as has the Jewish minority. The reasons are too numerous and too complex to be discussed here. Nor has Wiesel attempted to deal with them in a coherent and comprehensive manner. But he has given us a glimpse of reality, and in a singularly effective way.

In conclusion, mention must also be made of a supplement to the book, a "Historical Afterword on Soviet Jewry," by Neal Kozodoy. It is a succinct and trenchant summary of the history and current position of Russia's Jews and, despite its place in the volume, can be recommended as an excellent factual introduction to Wiesel's moving "personal report."

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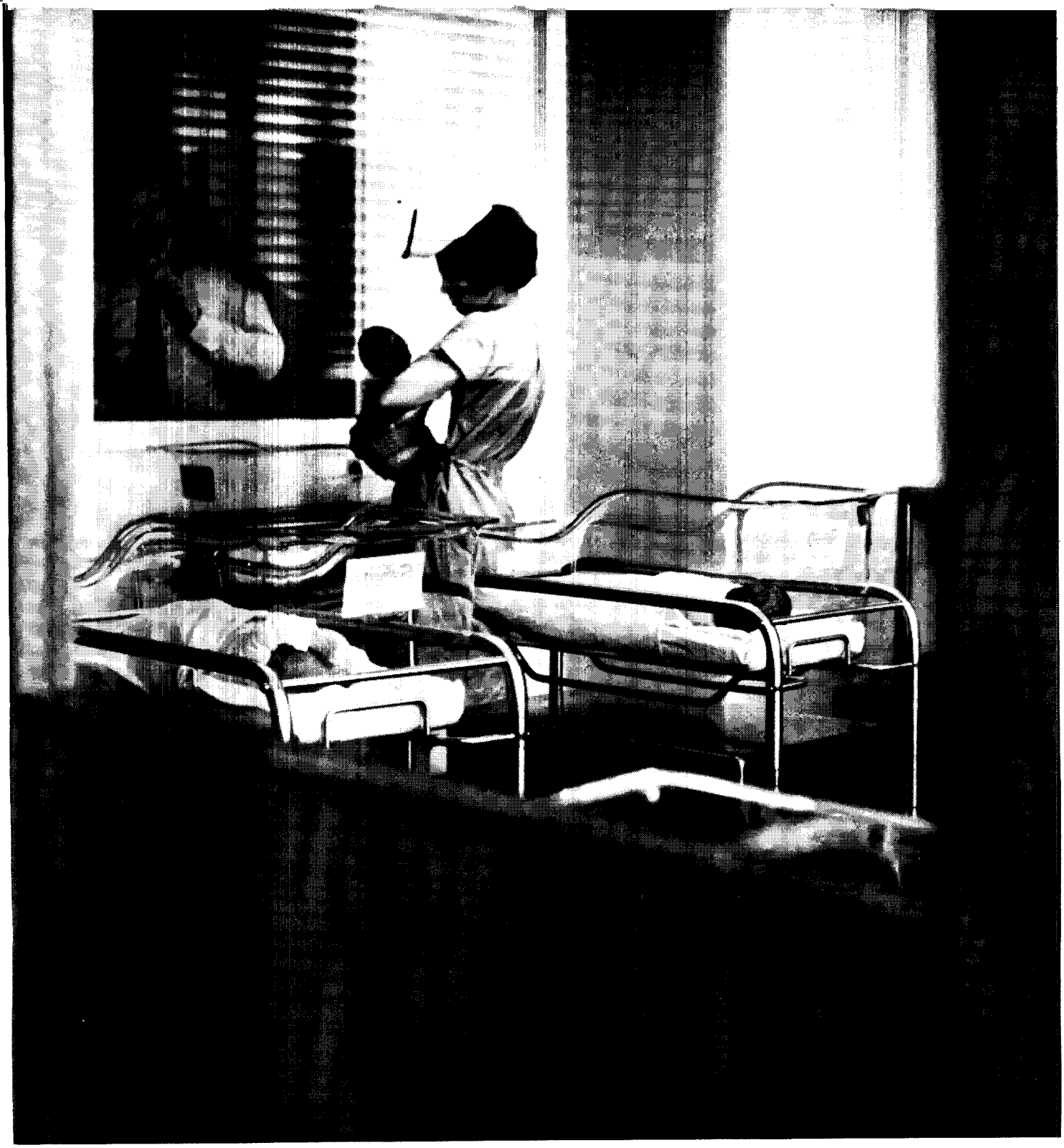

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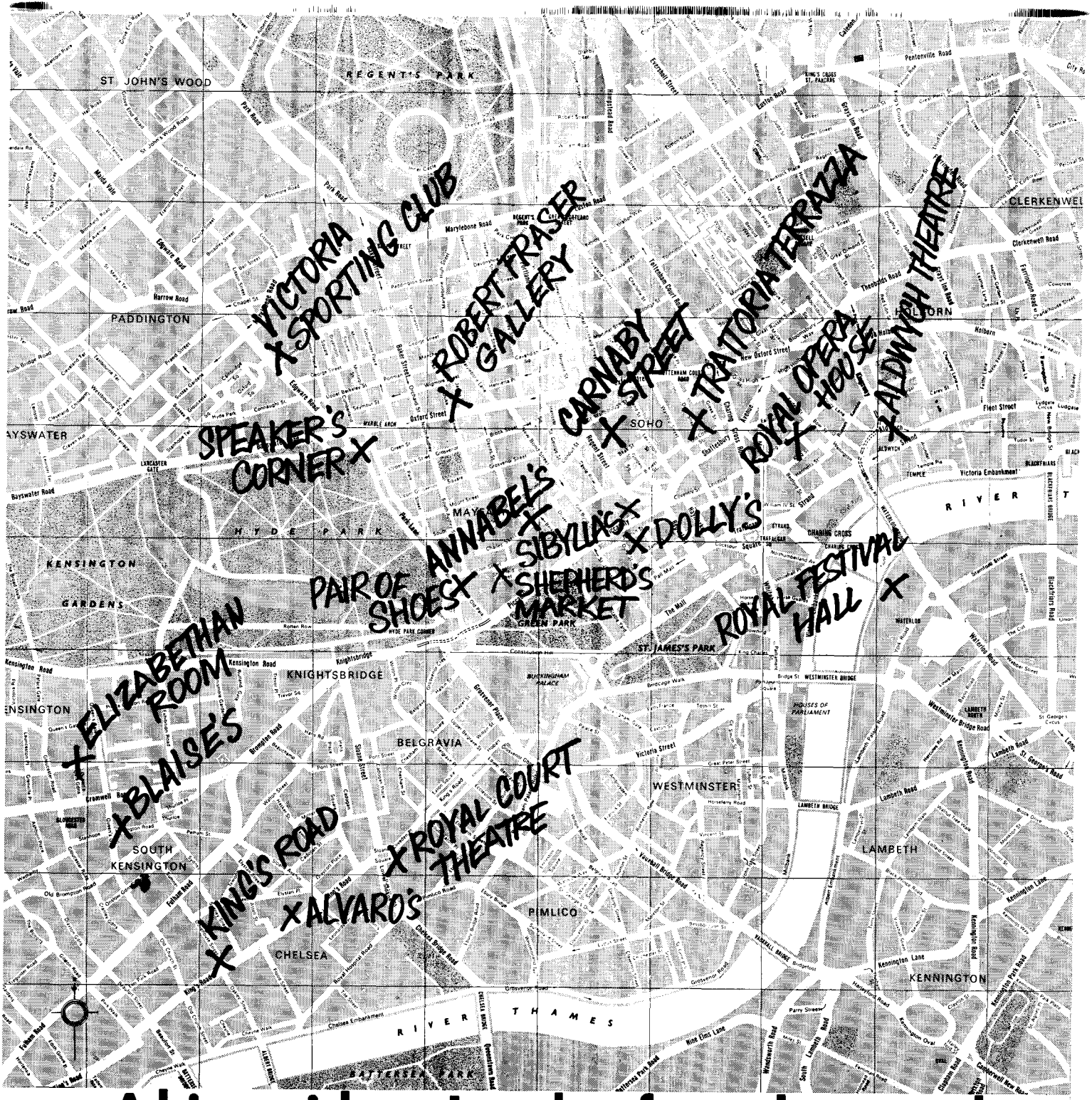

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